

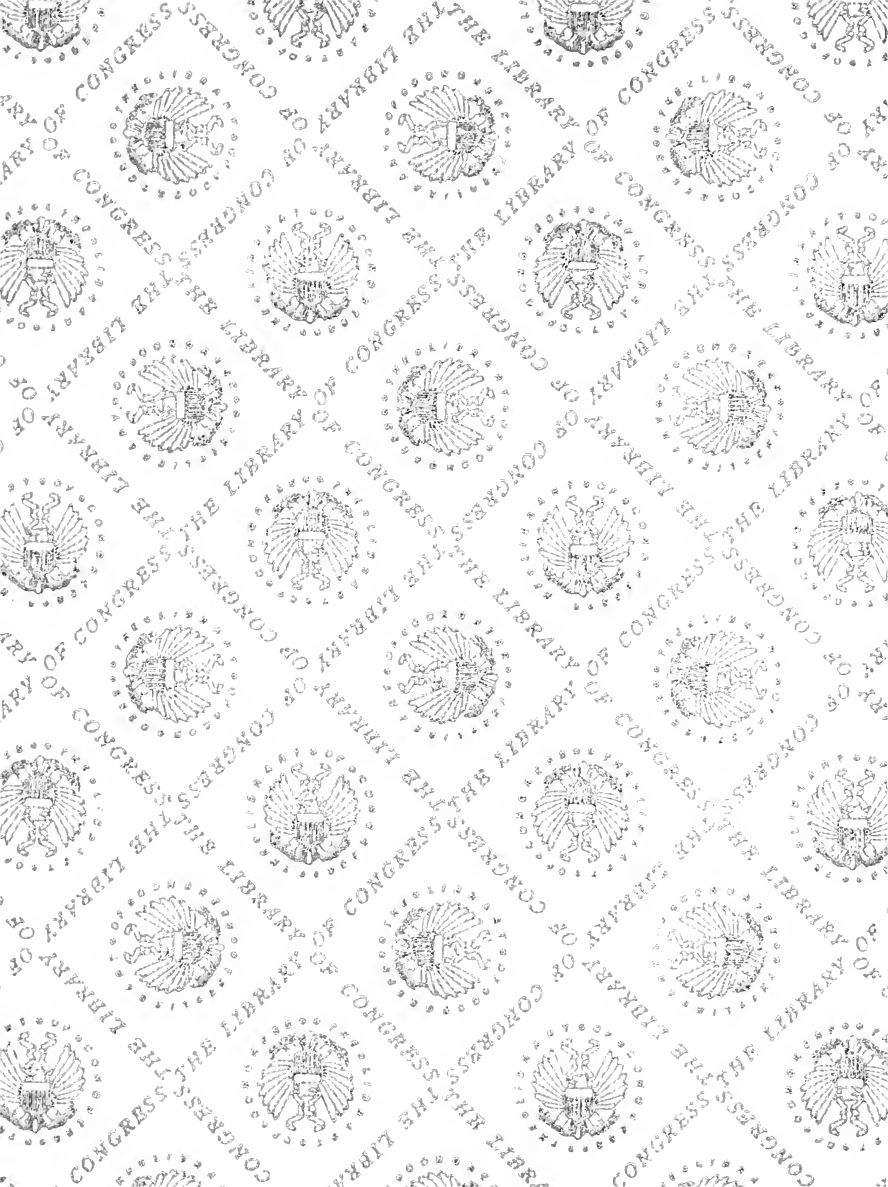
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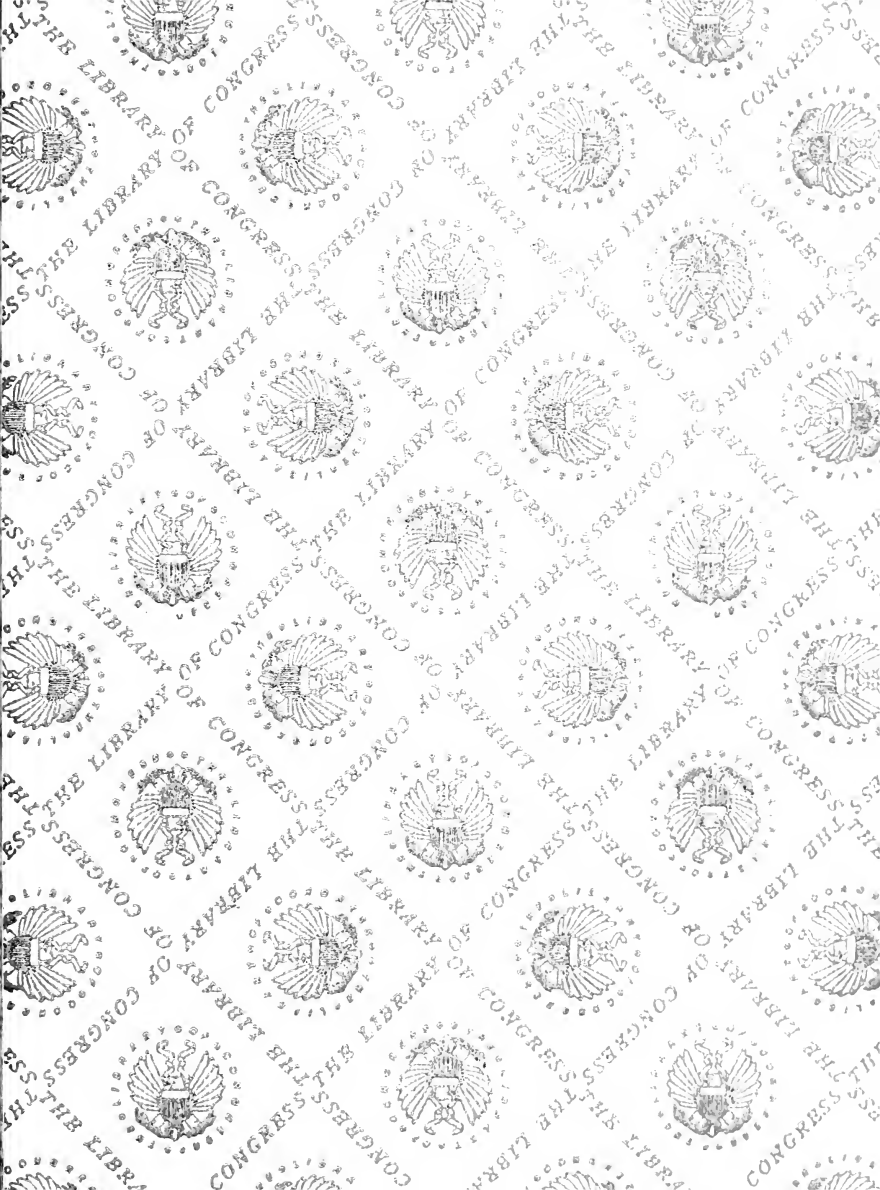
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# ST. STEPHEN II.

OR

## THE DEIL AMONG THE DIMECRATS

WHICH COMPRISES A MOST VERACIOUS HISTORY OF THE  
DISCOVERY OF ST. STEPHEN II., WITH A SOMEWHAT  
EXTENDED, THOUGH CURSORY, ACCOUNT OF THE  
DEIL'S EXPLOITS ON EARTH; IN CONNECTION  
WITH A TRUE HISTORY OF HIS SALVA-  
TION ARMY, AND HIS LAST GRAND  
CAMPAIGN OF LIES,

IN SEVEN CANTOS.

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BY SPIKE RIDER.

CHEYENNE, WYO.:  
DAILY SUN STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.  
1888.

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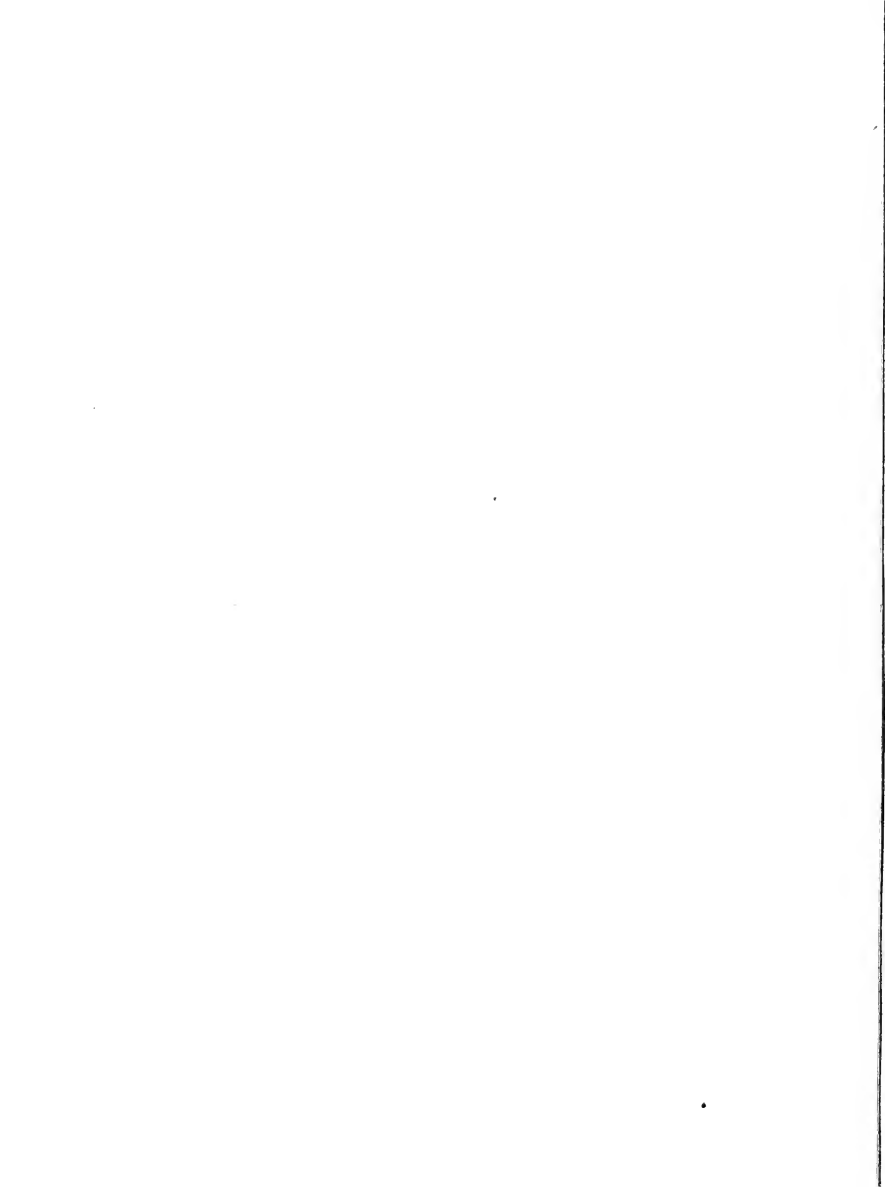
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## DEDICATION.

'Tis here inscribed, this little flapper,  
To all true, honest Democrats  
Who stick to boss's party claquers  
With a devotion blind as bats.

And also to all dimecrats,  
Dough-faces, Tam'nyites and Mormons,  
The Ku Klux, St. John's red-nos'd rats,  
Blacklegs and Mugwumps—all reformers.

THE AUTHOR.





## PRELUDE.

---

When in that grand conspiracy  
'Gainst human rights and liberties,  
The Deil and all the dimecrats  
Found themselves badly overmatched,  
Since then, their lost cause sweetly cower'd,  
They've mourn'd the loss of place and power ;  
Would now sneak back with cunning toils,  
As a conspiracy for spoils.  
When copperheads so oft have proved  
That they the Union always loved ;  
And all the secesh statesmen reason,  
That treason never hath been treason ;  
When dough-faces and Ku Klux Klans,  
And Tam'ny thugs and bandit gangs,  
And St. John's chums, the red-nosed feather,  
Who prate reform, get drunk together ;

And all the blacklegs, hogs in togs<sup>1</sup>,  
The flash coves<sup>2</sup>, bruisers<sup>3</sup>, high pads<sup>4</sup>,  
      bobs<sup>5</sup>,  
With the sweet Mugwump and the Mormons,  
Now all united—all reformers:  
When all this lot we closely scan,  
'Tis plain that Old Nick took a hand  
In organizing these reformers  
Into his grand Salvation Army.

This work began some time before  
The first of eighteen eighty-four,  
And was most vig'rously push'd on  
By all the Bourbons and St. John;  
Though when enlistments first began,  
The Deil had sev'ral hordes and clans,  
That long had been his trusty pals,  
And always ready at his calls.  
These were dough-faces of the North,  
The Ku Klux of the Solid South,  
The Tam'ny boodlers, prigs<sup>6</sup> and bums,  
The flash and fancy of the slums,

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1 "Hogs in togs," well-dressed loafers. 2 "Flash coves," felons, thieves, knaves and vagabonds. 3 "Bruisers," professional prize-fighters. 4 "High pads," highway robbers. 5 "Bobs," shoplifters.—See *Foxe's Slang Dictionary*.

6 "Prig," a thief.

Those old Polygs<sup>1</sup> and such as that,  
For these were always dimecrats.

But when bunch'd up, as known to fame,  
And designated by one name,  
They've always gone by a misnomer—  
As Democrats, while they were bummers;  
Or dimecrats, more technic'ly;  
A fact we shall hereafter see.  
Though Bourbon's been their shibboleth,  
The misnomer still suits them best,  
They stick to it, by it they swear all,  
Same's devils stick to saint's apparel.

In ancient times, by num'rous tests,  
Wierd folks were shown to be possess'd;  
And when sold out t' the Deil in fact,  
Such folks were styl'd demoniacs;  
But now when men are p'sess'd like that,  
They're technic'ly call'd *dimecrats*.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "Polygs," a contraction for polygamists.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

<sup>2</sup> "Dimecrat," (dim-e-crat.) (Greek, *demos*, people; *daimon*, a spirit; and *kratos*, strength.) A human being possessed by a demon; one whose volition and other mental faculties are overpowered, restrained or disturbed in their regular operations by an evil spirit; a demoniac.

There's always been 'mongst these, 'tis true,  
Of honest Democrats, a few,  
But always so much in th' minor'ty  
They'd little influence with their party.

But when the dimecrats turn'd traitors,  
Became the vilest of law-breakers,  
And when rank Treason stalked abroad,  
Jeering the Higher Law of God,  
Close leagued with Murder, kept t' each  
other,

Like two sworn devils yoked together,  
All through that long and dismal strife,  
That threatened e'en the Nation's life,  
True Democrats stood by the flag ;  
With sturdy blows, not lax nor lag,  
Help'd drive foul treason from the land,  
While firm, intact, the Union stands.

The South's first dim'crats were well known  
As Nullifiers with Calhoun ;  
But under Yancy and Old Jeff  
They changed and called themselves Secesh ;  
Till since that little tiff, in which  
They found the long-sought, grim last ditch

And, hoping then to mend their luck,  
 They changed and called themselves Ku  
     Klux.

Those true-blue dim'crats of the North,  
 Who've always been tools of the South,  
 Were dubb'd and knighted at one stroke  
 By John Randolph, of Roanoke ;  
 Who styl'd them brave and bold as asses,  
 And "frightend by their own dough-faces."  
 But these henchmen and understrappers,  
 As copperheads and party claquers,  
 As repeaters and ballot-box stuffers,  
 As convicts, felons and rum duffers ;  
 With th' Paines, Harrisons, Gormans,  
     Tweeds,  
 Great boodle princes, in their lead,  
 All tailing up the Ku Klux kite,  
 Shouting reform with all their might,  
 And swearing: "Old John Randolph lied,  
 "We're bold unwashed—unterrified."

The dimecrats of Mooney's Tam'ny,  
 With solemn voodooos and flim-flamry,—  
 The loaves and fishes their platform,  
 And fair, square diveys—swag reform.

Proud boodlers ! Gov'nor Hill says that,  
“ 'Tis a grand thing to be a dimecrat ! ”

The dimecratic clans and hordes,  
In all our cities—great slum wards—  
Where blackleg, flash and fancy leagues  
With pothouse demagogues intrigue,  
And give these bosses full control,  
While each whelp holds a party pull.  
These, like the Mormon chumps and flats,  
Are nat'als—all born dimecrats.

The red-nosed dimecratic hordes,  
Made up of cranks and pious frauds—  
That sham crusade that's been led on  
By that boss demagogue, St. John,  
Who's told stale lies so long for pelf  
Now 'gins to think they're truth himself—  
He and his chums, the red-nosed clan,  
Hoping to fool true temp'rance men,  
Pose as reformers, while they're rats,  
Rank demagogues, true dimecrats.

The Mormon dimecratic hordes,  
Led by their harem hierarch lords,

Best, truest dim'crats of the Nation,  
 Made so by nature and rev'lution ;  
 For densest ign'rance ever known,  
 They beat the Yahoos two to one ;  
 Were first sealed dim'crats at Nauvoo  
 By their great prophets, Hi and Jo.

The dimecratic Mugwump clans,  
 Composed of "wisest, purest men,"  
 Who, up t' the time of which we speak,  
 Were like one Moses, chaste and meek,  
 Now 'gan to make wild demonstrations,  
 And show signs of hallucination—  
 That strange delusion of those days,  
 Weird frenzy, called the mugwump craze,  
 Which seized some men and made them rat,  
 Or mugwump, and turn dimecrats.

As their delusion still kept on,  
 Its crotchet civ'l service reform,  
 The dim'crats saw the fad was sham,  
 And 'twas soon ta'en up by their clans—  
 A bauble for the mugwump craze,  
 And cant for dimecratic knaves.  
 The leaders of the Mugwump clan  
 With dim'crats flirting soon began,

And found these worthies only too glad  
To gobble them and their little fad ;  
Though while their new pals thought them  
          chumps,  
They bel'v'd themselves great chiefs—  
          Mugwumps.

Now dangling from the ragged edges  
Of broken dimecratic pledges,  
These chaste, sweet Mugwumps, canting  
          vixens,  
Who, full of crotchets, not convictions,  
See how they and their fad were tools  
For knaves who call them arrant fools.  
Thus, hanging 'round the dim'crat cess-pool,  
Where chilling blasts their ardor hath cool'd,  
For now the Bourbon hath grown bolder,  
He snubs them and turns the cold shoulder ;  
And when it comes t' the loaves and fishes,  
There's no attention paid t' their wishes.  
Those sweet hobnobbing days are over,  
And they're not rev'ling much in clover.  
These proud ingrates should have a care,  
And of the Mugwumps' wrath beware,  
Or they'll show these puff'd up dim'crats  
How grandly they can turn and rat ;



Can rat their party same's the other,  
And keep on ratting—rat each other.

Thus in this prelude, briefly scann'd,  
We've passed in review hordes and clans  
Of patriots and great reformers  
That make up Nick's Salvation Army,  
Which hath been done and mentioned here  
To make this hist'ry plain and clear ;  
For as this narrative was plann'd  
The Deil should first be ta'en in hand ;  
And thus the story is begun  
In our first chapter—Canto One.

There this great leader's history,  
Without fine points of casuistry,  
In a plain narrative is given ;  
Begins with his hegira from Heav'n,  
And runs along in curs'ry way  
From that time to the present day.

In this true hist'ry 'twill be seen,  
Its most important part begins  
With those events that do comprise  
The Deil's last grand campaign of lies,

Which he began some time before  
The first of eighteen eighty-four.

For years the Deil, as now his wont is,  
Hath spent much time in foreign countries;  
Left his pals here, of their own head  
To mend their wounds as best they could.  
For during sixty-one to five  
Most of them had been skinn'd alive.  
Since then Nick hath been much abroad,  
At hard work where 'twould do most good,  
Helping to crush, with fiendish guile,  
The patriots of the Em'rald Isle.

Then, 'bout the first of eighty-four,  
Again returning to our shores,  
With great activity began  
To hustle up his hordes and clans;  
And to the bosses of the hordes  
Spoke boldly reassuring words.

How he possess'd these willing gangs,  
Of dim'crats from all o'er this land,  
And took them in, and thus 'gan forming  
The nucleus of his grand army;

How arm'd and 'quip'd forth they all went,  
And first discover'd their patron saint ;  
Born of the gods, like Siva worship'd,  
One they could all fall down and worship ;  
Not golden brute, like Aaron's calf,  
But one't could speak, like Balaam's ass.

How like stark mad he made those rave  
Whom he possess'd of mugwump craze,  
And who from leaders fell to rats,  
Tailing up hordes of dimecrats ;  
How all the hordes were arm'd and 'quip'd,  
And how the Deil accomplished it,  
And led them forth in dev'lish guise  
In his third grand campaign of lies.  
This great political event,  
With some things that were consequent,  
This hist'ry, reader, hath been writ  
To give a true account of it.

THE AUTHOR.

## ST. STEPHEN II.

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### CANTO I.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

Conclusive proof is here set forth,  
That Old Nick roams about the earth,  
Disguised in forms of beasts and men,  
Whichever most promotes his plans.  
Of his great works since Adam's fall,  
His last is grandest of them all;  
That sweet, virtuous combination,  
Salvation Army of the Nation;  
With flags unfurl'd to breezes flung,  
Now raiding upon Washington.

Since Old Nick kick'd up war in Heav'n,  
And was from thence by Michael driv'n,  
His wrath hath been the direful scourage  
Of earth, o'er which he's roamed at large;  
Breathing revenge, immortal hate,  
Seeking to vent infernal spite.  
Waging 'gainst Heav'n eternal war,  
Mad as a witch or a March hare;  
And man the prey of his fierce wrath,  
As he goes forth to vex the earth;

Lur'd Eve to crime in the beginning,  
Still urges men to vice and sinning.

Now his great work of reformation,  
His grand, virtuous combination,  
Of dim'crats and Mugwump reformers,  
That make up his Salvation Army.  
These and their Boss, be our sweet theme,  
Their val'rous deeds 'mongst sons of men :  
Tune thy glad harp, twang deft each string,  
Sing, heav'nly star-eyed Goddess, sing !

Ah, vent'rous muse, vast is this theme :  
Old Nick's dark plans, infernal schemes,  
Bring these to light and these expose  
So he that runs may read's he goes.  
Now train thy pinions for a flight  
O'er regions vast to some grand height,  
Where earth's broad plains thine eyes shall  
greet,

Stretching away beneath thy feet :  
Where we may view, in lofty state,  
The hordes of mankind, small and great :  
In life's fierce conflict struggling on,  
A shifting, restless, endless throng.

And here, away from earth's turmoils,  
Its woes, its cares, its toils and broils,

We may review for ages past  
The Deil's sad wrecks from first to last ;  
May scan his fields of baleful works,  
Since his advent upon the earth ;  
Whose keen, impious guile did bring  
To our first parents death and sin.  
And closely scan the plans he's laid  
To gain the conquests he hath made,  
Through all the ages from creation  
Down to his Army of Salvation.

As this tableau vivant moves on,  
We view the surging, restless throng,  
And see Nick ready with his wiles,  
Truth to defy and men beguile ;  
And learn this fact, as here we can,  
The Deil's best tools are worst of men,  
Through these perfecting wicked schemes,  
And still to mortal eyes unseen.

In sacred hist'ry we must search,  
For true accounts of Old Nick's work ;  
Where those inspir'd by pow'r Divine  
Were shown these things from earl'est times.  
Like old St. John, the Revelator,  
Who face to face with his Creator,

Talked about Heav'n the earth and hell,,  
 And all the beings that in them dwell ;  
 And while on the Isle of Patmos,  
 He saw grand views of Heav'n's greatness ;  
 In visions vast, strange and sublime  
 Viewed the long vista of all time.

He saw the Dragon and his hosts,  
 Defying Heav'n with haughty boasts ;  
 And Michael and his angels fair,  
 'Gage them in desolating war.  
 Long the desperate conflict raged,  
 And fierce each combatant engaged,  
 Till Satan and his hosts, o'ercome,  
 Were thrust from Heav'n, every one.

Thus driv'n from Heav'n the Dragon came  
 To earth with his infernal train,  
 Vengeful his soul, direful his wrath,  
 Blighting the earth where'er he pass'd ;  
 Since he no more could Heav'n engage,  
 On man he'd vent his fiendish rage,  
 For now his only hope and aim,  
 The joy of sweet revenge to gain.

Keen for the fray the Deil went forth,  
 With crafty plans to rule the earth ;

Hoping with guile and strong temptation,  
To thwart the scheme of man's creation ;  
That he from Heav'n so lately hurl'd  
Might be proclaimed "God of the World."  
Thus went he forth in devilish guise  
In his first grand campaign of lies.

Of that campaign much hath been said,  
How Nick on Eden made his raid ;  
The sad events of which affair  
Well known, need not be mentioned here ;  
For many hist'ries have been writ  
That give a full account of it.

There's one account which might be mention'd,  
Because 'tis a queer new invention :  
Its author hath a *nom de plume*,  
To keep his name in solemn gloom ;  
Which 't seems superfluous to say  
His works would keep their anyway.  
Some Christian Sci'ntist or inf'del  
With inspiration drawn from—well,  
Hath this to say about the matter,  
Hoping, no doubt, the Deil to flatter :



"In Eden Satan's work began,  
 "Though in the Pit he'd laid his plan,  
 "To come to earth a revelator  
 "And masquerade an educator,  
 "Reveal to man things most sublime  
 "And educate his youthful mind ;  
 "For all admit the statement true  
 "Who would but give the Devil his due ;  
 "That turning pedagogue, the Devil,  
 "Taught man to know good and evil ;  
 "Opened his eyes—as witches say,  
 "He opens pup's eyes on th' ninth day."

Thus claiming that this grim man-hater,  
 Was mankind's first great educator ;  
 That man must know, the silly wight,  
 What's wrong 'fore he can know what's  
 right.

When first in Heav'n 'twas noised about  
 That the accuser had been cast out,  
 With all his angels forced to go  
 Down to the earth or pit below,  
 The heav'nly hosts with one accord  
 Broke forth in praises to the Lord,  
 Rejoice ye Heav'ns, sing a new song,  
 The great accuser 's been cast down !

Woe to the inhab'tants of the earth  
And sea—to you the Deil's gone forth :  
Great is his wrath, his guile sublime,  
On earth he'll stay but little time.

Then round the great white throne where  
sat,  
Ancient of days, the hosts soon met :  
An hundred forty and four thousand,  
In serried ranks thus stood 'round Him ;  
While all applaud what had been done,  
They chant new songs around the throne.  
For these were they 'twere not defiled,  
By woman's charms or wiles beguiled,  
And in whose mouths no guile was known—  
Saints without fault before the throne.  
With saints like these our sweet Saint  
Stephen.  
In chastity might not keep even ;  
But in his line he'd hold them level,  
For hon'sty he can beat the devil.

And should Saint Stephen join this throng,  
Like Nick, he'd get kick'd out headlong ;  
The guileless throng could not stand that  
Though he's good 'nough saint for dimecrats ;

For in his let'r to Mrs. Beecher,  
 Denying plumply the whole matter ;  
 He solemnly the assurance gives—  
 “I don't know where bad women live.”

Now while the dragon and his hosts,  
 Roamed unrestrained about the earth ;  
 Down from the heav'ns an angel came  
 With massive key and pond'rous chain,  
 And he laid hold upon the Dragon,  
 The old serpent, the beast Dagon,  
 Which is the Devil and Satan,  
 With an alias for each nation ;  
 The Duce, Luc'fer, Belial, Appolion,  
 Old Nick or Clootie, Wicked one :  
 (Which we here use with other names  
 All of which mean about the same ;  
 And each one's used when it seems better  
 To help the rhyme or make good metre.)  
 This angel removed Nick's disguise,  
 And christened him “Father of Lies,”  
 Then bound him for a thousand years,  
 Relieving man of his worst fears,  
 Cast him into the bottomless pit ;  
 And some folks think he's in there yet. -

But this is clearly a mistake,  
For Satan in the fiery lake  
Could not, as everybody knows,  
Attend to business as he does ;  
Besides this fact, 'tis very plain,  
That he is now at large again ;  
In forms of dimecrat disguise,  
Filling the land with floods of lies.

From oldest times his mode hath been  
To take the forms of beasts or men :  
Whichever promised most advantage,  
As he went forth upon the rampage.  
For 'tis a fact we all believe,  
When Satan tempted mother Eve ;  
He took the form of some vile serpent,  
Thus to conceal his fiendish purpose.

We also find in th' book of Job,  
When on a day the Sons of God.  
Paid their respects unto the Lord :  
The Deil came, too, to say a word.  
And when the Lord asked whence he came,  
Made proper answer to the same ;  
Like any tourist of good birth,  
From going to and fro in the earth ;

And from walking up and down in it,  
He had dropped in for a few minutes.

Another case the Scriptures state,  
At Matthew eighth and twenty-eight,  
Where devils driven from human kind,  
Went forth into a herd of swine.  
'Twas in the land of th' Gergesenes,  
The Son of God, the Nazarene,  
Was met by two possess'd with devils,  
Engaged in fierce and fiendish revels ;  
At sight of Whom the fiends cried out,  
(They knew our Lord would cast them out)  
O what have we to do with Thee,  
Com'st Thou to set these mortals free,  
And here among these dismal shrines  
Wilt Thou torment us ere our time?  
They begg'd the Saviour of Mankind,  
To let them go into the swine :  
And Jesus said unto them—go.  
A strange result the sequel shows ;  
For now behold the herd of swine,  
Raging and mad like frantic kine,  
Rush'd here and there in wild melee  
Then down a steep into the sea.  
Of course the swine all perish'd there  
But of his imps the Deil took care.

More instances we might present,  
But with these three will be content,  
Which plainly prove, as we contend,  
That Satan takes the forms of men,  
Or that of beasts, whichever seems,  
Most to advance infernal schemes.

Since this last mention'd episode,  
And all these spirits cast abroad;  
The Deil hath roamed about creation  
Without a settled habitation;  
But following historic lines,  
From that date to the present time;  
This fact we ever must confess,  
He's always had an eye to business.  
His hand hath been in court intrigues,  
With wicked kings he's been in league,  
He's rous'd in men the vilest passions,  
Of thieves, murderers and assassins;  
Of those who plan by day or night,  
Gunpowder plots or dynamite.

Much as we boast of these fast times,  
Much as we prate of learned things,  
Time's cycles still wheel slowly on  
And stupid man still plods along :

And Satan hath the cov'ted chance  
 To fiddle while poor mortals dance.  
 He's fiddled death's dance for mankind,  
 From Adam down to our own time ;  
 And in this business he's no rid'ler  
 For they that dance must pay the fid'ler.

The Orient hath a classical story,  
 A kind of mythical allegory,  
 Which illustrates in quaint old fashion  
 Satan's malice, guile and passion ;  
 How always hateful, scheming, wily,  
 Angels and men ever beguiling.  
 This apologue though old and plain,  
 Shows that th' same views were entertain'd,  
 By those who've studied Satan's crimes  
 In ancient or in modern times.

The story goes—Once on a time  
 Away off in some orient clime,  
 That Truth and Falsehood journ'y'd to-  
     gether,  
 Each seeming pleased with the other ;  
 And at that time, 'tis very plain  
 Truth had no thought of Falsehood's game,  
 Or else while trav'ling o'er the country  
 Had not been found in such bad comp'ny.

In pleasant converse they pass'd on ;  
The days and leagues seem'd not so long,  
And to disarm the least suspicion  
Falsehood made chaste, true observations ;  
Pure thoughts expressed in fitting words,  
Threw Truth completely off her guard,  
And with such seeming sweet content,  
Completely gained her confidence.

They journeyed on until they came,  
To a delightful running stream ;  
Its banks rich verdure cover'd o'er,  
Its limpid waters laved a pebb'l'd shore ;  
And here 'neath groves of spice 'fum'd trees  
The weary trav'lers took their ease.  
And when at evening tide serene,  
Long shadows came across the stream ;  
And rarest flowers in full bloom  
Gave the soft zephyr's sweet perfume,  
While birds of gorgeous plumage sung,  
Their vespers sweet the groves among.

Then elves from rocks and dales came  
forth,  
Wing'd nymphs that flit about the earth ;



The naiads that o'er springs preside,  
 O'er rivers grand and brooks beside,  
 And nereids came out from the seas  
 And orais from the woods and trees ;  
 To see these de'ties they all came  
 Fairies and goblins in their train.

Now as the day was almost gone,  
 And listless twilight coming on ;  
 A time like this inviting sweet repose  
 For most foul purpose Falsehood chose,  
 And leading Truth along the shore,  
 Spoke oft of bathing here before ;  
 Of sports like this—their healthful good,  
 Fit pleasures for both men and gods ;  
 And, Truth's attention thus engaging,  
 Falsehood proposed they go in bathing.

Leaving their garments on the shore,  
 Their forms the crystal tide soon bore :  
 And their natation perfect seem'd,  
 Swimming or floating o'er the stream.  
 No thought of ill or wrong design  
 Ev'n came across Truth's joyous mind ;  
 For up and down or 'cross the tide  
 The merry goddess swiftly glides,

And in long stretches from the shore  
The sport enjoyed all the more,

This was his chance, not had before,  
So Falsehood hasten'd to the shore,  
Put on Truth's garments, fled away,  
No more foul theft could ever be ;  
And in this guise as forth he went,  
Hath been wont to appear ev'r since.

Truth came to th' shore, her robes were  
gone,  
But Falsehod's garb would not put on ;  
Could wear no garments but her own,  
And so went forth as she was born,  
Not thinking thus to give offense.  
Truth has been naked ever since.

Of late in guise of Truth's best garments  
The Deil came forth a great reformer ;  
Great promises he made the world,  
Proclaimed himself a sacred herald,  
Forerunner of a Great Redeemer,  
'Twould save the land from wicked schemers,  
Turn state affairs o'er to the hoodlums,  
The red-nosed gangs and honest boodlers.

This happened, as we've said before,  
 Some time the first of eighty-four,  
 When Nick return'd from foreign lands,  
 In whose affairs he'd ta'en a hand.  
 Like dim'crats tink'ring up platforms,  
 He prated bout his great reforms :  
 And at the beck of his dark hand  
 His black elves, imps and goblin gangs  
 Stark still remained, the whole procession.  
 While thus he made his proclamation :

"Let men rejoice o'er all the land,  
 "The Millen'um is now at hand :  
 "For hungry dim'crats 'gin to see  
 "They must adopt my policy,  
 "And muster up all true reformers  
 "Into one grand Salvation Army ;  
 "In heavy columns march them on  
 "In one grand raid on Washington.

"To this great nation's utmost bounds  
 "Let the glad tiding loud resound,  
 "'The nation's saviour hath been found :'  
 "Not of such sad and pensive mien  
 "As th' meek and lowly Nazarene ;

“Not of angelic form nor birth,  
“For this great saviour is of earth;  
“Nor yet one single son of man,  
“But is made up of hordes and clans  
“Of dimecrats, sweet, pure and charming—  
“’Tis my own grand Salvation Army.  
“This is my virtuous combination,  
“That will redeem and save the nation;  
“And show all men, to their surprise,  
“Truth hath no force like oft-told lies.”

# ST. STEPMEN II.

## CANTO II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

In brief, the story here is told,  
How Nick call'd up his warriors bold;  
Led by his true and trusty ally,  
The grim old sage of Cypher Alley;  
And to the bosses of the clans,  
Gave his instructions and commands;  
With full directions 'bout the forming  
Of all the hordes of his great army;  
And with the Knight of the Hoop Skirt,  
Held long confab about their work.

When high and dry upon the strand  
Lay Old Nick's fag'd and faithful bands,  
For more'n a score of years they'd lived  
In exile from the Public Crib;  
Been bandied 'bout 'mid hopes and fears,  
Defeated, routed, year by year,  
Completely at their en'my's mercy,  
And "very hungry, very thirsty;"  
Now quite dismayed at further thought  
Of forlorn battle—direful rout.

Thus in sad pickle Old Nick found  
His minions abject, scatter'd 'round ;  
Who through defeat so oft had gone  
Saw little hope in keeping on ;  
And, not b'n' swine, of kicks and cuffs  
Thought they knew when they'd had enough.

At this the Deil seemed much perplex'd,  
And at their napping sorely vexed ;  
So he, to break their listless spell,  
Boomed his war tocsin's loudest knells ;  
And further to increase th' alarm,  
Set up the cry, " Reform ! Reform !"   
While Mugwumps stood aghast with wonder,  
His pals knew this meant plunder, plunder.  
Thus like the wild men 'mongst the hills,  
Who with the war cry, bows and bills,  
Gave ancient Briton's war's alarms,  
And called their barb'rous clans to arms ;  
He yelled, " Reform ! Reform ! Reform !"  
" Ye hordes and clans, come forth to arms !"

He called so loud that all around  
The earth, and through sheol profound,  
Through Heav'n's arched vault, the restless  
deep,  
O'er arid wastes, 'mongst mountain steeps,

E'en caves and pits, damp, dark, profound,  
 Heard his wierd slogan fierce resound.

And while rude echoes he awoke,  
 Deep called to deep as thus he spoke :  
 "Ye prescripts, cyclops, ghouls of th' dens,  
 "Dark-lantern Ku Klux, val'rous klans,  
 "Ye high muck-mucks and ye rum-lords  
 "That lead the North's great dough-face  
     hordes,  
 "Ye sachems of great Tam'ny's clans,  
 "High Tobers<sup>1</sup> of the fancy gangs,  
 "Ye saints of St. John's red-nosed clans,  
 "Ye Lat'r Day Saints, with all your flams,  
 "Ye Mugwump saints, with all your qualms.  
 "And ye brave bosses of all the gangs  
 "From every nook of this broad land,  
 "All noble serfs, bold yahoos all,  
 "Come forth, attend your master's call."

They heard abashed, and up they sprung  
 Like sleeping thieves when night hath come,  
 Or like vast herds of hungry swine,  
 Lank, lean and famished all the time,

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<sup>1</sup> "High tobers," the highest order of thieves, that generally go well dressed, and frequent watering places.—*Foxe's Slang Dictionary*.

When at the first crack of gray dawn  
They hear the swine-herd's lusty song ;  
Strike out like mad at break-neck speed,  
And, half-asleep, they all stampede—  
Rush forth from thicket, wood and dell,  
Go helter-skelter off, pellmell.  
Like these his tribes and gangs rushed forth,  
Each stir'd his stumps to get there first,  
So that to him the boss might give  
First nubbin from the Public Crib ;  
For this they'd now been suff'ring long,  
While almost dying for reform ;  
Reform that should at once begin,  
Turn t'others out, and let them in.  
Tho' long they'd suffer'd drouth and hunger,  
Their ears were keen at cry of plunder.

Now from each crew, kit, herd and squad,  
Each tribe camorra or king mob,  
The leaders to their Sultan haste.  
To make their loyal, stanch behests ;  
And, huddled round their boss, they stand  
To hear his wishes and commands.

Then, casting round, the Deil soon spied  
His trusty mate close by his side ;



To whom this horrid foe of man,  
 The silence breaking, thus began :  
 “ O, great hetman, our earthly chief,  
 “ Grand deeds thou’st done in our behalf;  
 “ And now, in view of thy devotion,  
 “ I offer thee a huge promotion.  
 “ Thy fame for bravery hath gone forth  
 “ All through sheol and o’er the earth ;  
 “ Thy gallantry I’ve much admired  
 “ Since thou that widow’s heart hath fired,  
 “ And accepted her goods and chattels,  
 “ With her broad acres, kine and cattle,  
 “ And stuck to them through wordy war,  
 “ Like hungry tick to lazy cur.

“ In our first campaign, years ago,  
 “ When close pursued, your mudsill foes  
 “ Were chanting in their barb’rous glee,  
 “ ‘ We’ll hang him on a sour apple tree,’  
 “ In that grim ditch, it was the last,  
 “ You donn’d a female’s iron mask.  
 “ Grand strategy it proved to be,  
 “ It saved thee from the sour apple tree ;  
 “ It saved thy life, and we rejoice  
 “ In thy good counsel’s cheering voice.

“For refuge ’twas strange citadel,  
“Though like a charm it stay’d th’ vandal;  
“E’en Lincoln’s hirelings in their hate  
“That hoopskirt dare not desecrate;  
“Though mudsills, they dare not assail  
“A meek-eyed, modest old female.  
“In honor of that grim affair,  
“In honor of thy deeds in war,  
“In honor of peace that thou hadst won  
“If only thou’dst been let alone,  
“In mem’ry of thy Andersonville,  
“In mem’ry of thy other death mills,  
“In honor of thy zeal and fire,  
“In mem’ry of thy slave empire,  
“In honor of thy chivalry,  
“In honor of thy perfidy,  
“In honor of thy breach of laws,  
“In honor of thy grand Lost Cause,  
“In presence here of all our hordes,  
“With this, my flaming, trusty sword;  
“Each blow put on an honor laid  
“Right worshipful on shoulder blade,  
“As dub’d thou art, for glorious work,  
“Chief iron-mask’d—Knight of the Hoop  
Skirt!”

Then from the throng in loud acclaim  
 Wild yells the welkin rang again ;  
 While through the murky, gloomy air  
 Dark spirits flitted here and there,  
 Which were the ghosts on earth again  
 Of great dead leaders of the clans.

Now when the hordes had ceased their din,  
 Nick thus the knight gave more chin-chin :

“ Great iron-mask’d knight, chief of the  
       powers

“ That sent Confederate hosts to war,

“ Most high prescript, who at a word

“ Canst marshal all the Ku Klux hordes,

“ With all the cyclops and the clans,

“ Ensigns and ghouls of all the dens.

“ Thou who erstwhile from half this land

“ Called forth thy willing rebel bands ;

“ And at thy ’hefts these dogs of war

“ Spread grievous ruin near and far,

“ And Death, relentless, at thy will,

“ Held his high carn’val long and tell ;

“ Kept up the conflict grand and fierce

“ Until ‘ o’ercome by mere brute force.’

“ But thou, not conquer’d nor dismayed,

“ But willing still the strife to engage,

“ Now baring thy breast for the right,  
“ For which thou mad'st a glorious fight :  
“ Thy counsel always gives me cheer,  
“ I find in thee a bold compeer.

“ Ah, dismal chief, how sadly changed  
“ Since those bright days when all this land  
“ Made haste to pay thee high respect,  
“ And honored thy bright intellect.  
“ But now with me in mutual league,  
“ United thoughts and grand intrigues ;  
“ With mutual hazard, mutual hope,  
“ Our issues pooled in this grand work ;  
“ In peril joined, we each defy  
“ The laws of man and the Most High ;  
“ Thus ever leagued in head and heart,  
“ Thou art my glorious counterpart.

“ With obdurate hate and steadfast pride,  
“ Outcasts from all the world beside ;  
“ Waifs on an ever restless sea,  
“ Wrecks mor'ly and politic'ly,  
“ What care we for the victor's gains ?  
“ Fixed minds can ne'er repent nor change ;  
“ Most steadfast pals we'll ever be  
“ While misery loves company.

“ Though driven by 'thunders' from the field,  
“ Or by 'brute force' compelled to yield,

“And all our grand embattled hosts  
“Defeated, still all is not lost.  
“The will, unconquered, yet remains  
“Courageous, seeking sweet revenge;  
“Nor will our courage e’er abate,  
“Nor rankling malice, bitter hate.

“Never shall we submit or yield,  
“Nor pangs remorseful ever feel;  
“Ne’er sue for peace, nor bend the knee,  
“As suppliants asking clemency.  
“Brute force and thunders henceforth fail,  
“Nor can such weapons more avail,  
“Nor can the terrors of such arms  
“Now bring to us the least alarms:  
“Empyrean spirits can not die,  
“Though warring through eternity.”

“Our knowledge now of dubious war  
“Will give us strength not had before:  
“To marshal hosts as was our wont,  
“Or organize a keen still hunt.  
“In arms and foresight much advanced,  
“And wisdom gained in past events,  
“Success assured, we now may hope  
“With our ambitious foes to cope.

“An open conflict we may wage,  
“Or with guile stealthily engage.  
“In fierce, relentless, endless strife,  
“Blasting fond hopes, destroying life,  
“Defeating in effect the plans  
“Of our grand foe to’rd earth and man.  
“Soon to this conflict we’ll go forth  
“’Gainst tyrants both of Heav’n and earth.”

Thus vaunting loud his obdurate pride,  
He ceased. His bold compeer replied:  
“O somber prince, who hath control  
“Both of this earth and all sheol,  
“First rebel, and in war the first  
“Grand leader of a rebel host;  
“When contemplating thy grand deeds,  
“The brilliant armies thou hast led;  
“And that far-reaching, wond’rous power  
“That could seduce angels to war,  
“That could induce the cherubim,  
“And the pure, white-wing’d seraphim,  
“To ’gage in battle ’gainst the throne  
“Of Heav’n’s great king, th’ Eternal One—  
“I’m lost in wonder at that feat,  
“And at thy glorious, sublime cheek.

“O thou brave chief, of deeds in war  
“No prince with thee will e’er compare,

" And of such grand embattled hosts  
 " No other prince could ever boast.  
 " With such an host in battle line,  
 " Their zeal and bravery most sublime,  
 " I wonder not that thou didst lead  
 " That force e'en 'gainst the throne of God.

" With impious battle, conflict wild,  
 " The plains of Heaven thou didst defile,  
 " Till back before a horrid cloud,  
 " Which deep-toned thunders did enshroud,  
 " And with keen lightnings' pent-up rage,  
 " Anxious thy cohorts to engage,  
 " Burst on thee with impetuous force,  
 " O'erwhelming thee and all thy hosts.

" Amazing conflict, dreadful deeds  
 " Were done by those whom thou didst lead ;  
 " Deeds that had conquered and o'ercome  
 " All else but the Eternal One ;  
 " Deeds that called forth in high degree  
 " Proof of His vast supremacy.

" Though He upheld by strength or chance.  
 " Or fate, we rue the dire event,  
 " That foul defeat that lost thee Heaven,  
 " From whence thou and thy hosts were  
     driven ;

“ But thou, possessed of god-like mind,  
“ Not of an earthly, finite kind,  
“ Thy heavenly essence still remains,  
“ Though in thy exile sadly changed.  
“ And then with guile and steadfast hate,  
“ And study of revenge most sweet,  
“ Thou wast permitted to go forth  
“ To stir up strife upon the earth ;  
“ Left to thine own strange, dark designs,  
“ To conjure up most heinous crimes.

“ But all thy pow’r, it hath been said,  
“ Is impious weakness before God ;  
“ Whose high permission thou hast had,  
“ To heap up sin on thine own head,  
“ With oft reiterated crimes,  
“ While seeking evil to mankind ;  
“ Might see how all thy malice served  
“ To show his mercy to the world ;  
“ And on thyself, as thine own horde,  
“ Confusion, wrath and vengeance poured.

“ But since from Heav’n when at the first  
“ The conflict was transferred to earth,  
“ So keen and active, might and main,  
“ Thou hast pushed forward thy campaign,  
“ That through the ages dark the gloom  
“ Was dense and little light could come ;



“ And earth seemed given o’er to thee ;  
 “ ’Twas hard for finite man to see  
 “ The goodness, grace and mercy shown  
 “ To earth by Heav’n’s Eternal Throne.

“ And when, some thirty years ago,  
 “ The South joined in its league with you,  
 “ And all our patriots true and wise  
 “ Joined in that grand campaign of lies,  
 “ We thought our institution safe  
 “ With you engaged in our behalf.  
 “ The conflict raging near and far,  
 “ Brave were the hosts we sent to war,  
 “ While cynics cried aloud and said :  
 “ ‘ Whom th’ gods destroy they first make  
     mad.’

“ Thus warring through four horrid years,  
 “ Our foes were conquer’d everywhere ;  
 “ With zeal sublime we stuck to it  
 “ Till we drop’d into that last ditch,  
 “ O’erwhelmed by sorrow, gloom and wonder,  
 “ ‘ The gallant nation foiled by numbers.’ ”

“ But now with our assembled hosts,  
 “ And with our grand Lost Cause not lost,  
 “ Let us not slip the rare occasion  
 “ To institute some new invasion :

“ Consult regarding our affairs,  
“ How we our losses may repair ;  
“ For we’re possess’d of god-like minds,  
“ Not to be chang’d by place nor time ;  
“ No Christian scientists are we,  
“ Each small part of the Deity ;  
“ With minds that have control o’er matter,  
“ And mould it same as cooks mould batter.  
“ Though we can make of earth a hell,  
“ Can’t make it a heaven if we will ?  
“ For there are many things, ’tis true,  
“ That even devils can not do—  
“ Except as Christian scientists find  
“ They can do all things—in their minds.

“ Here we’ll decide how to displease  
“ And most offend our enemies ;  
“ Or once more with our rallied hosts  
“ Try what more may be gained or lost ;  
“ Consult ’bout means by which we may  
“ O’ercome this dire calamity ;  
“ What hope may gain in our affairs,  
“ What resolution from despair.”

As from his quiv’ring lips thus fell  
The last word, “ Bravo,” cried the Deil ;  
“ Slaves may submit to grievous chains,  
“ Bold independence marks great men ;

“ While self-reliance gives strong arms,

“ Dependence weakens and deforms.

“ Your firmness well becomes your years,

“ And your posit’ on as my compeer ;

“ For our compact is now far more

“ Firm than such league was e’er before,

“ Made so by mutual sympathy

“ Each in the oth’r’s calamities.

“ We’re both accused of heinous crimes,

“ As the most arch-fiends of all times ;

“ Both are accused of perjury,

“ Of treason and of infamy ;

“ Both thus regarded as outlaws,

“ Each, relic of a grand Lost Cause.

“ But our great principles will live,

“ And our good cause is sure to thrive ;

“ Our triumph will as surely come

“ As days and years keep coming on,

“ When vict’ry shall our labors crown,

“ And vaunting tyrants be cast down ;

“ When you, the so-called traitor that was,

“ Lead’r of the so-called Lost Cause,

“ Shall take your place where Lincoln stands,

“ The rightful Pres’dent of this land.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Behold majestic truth revealing herself! State sovereignty is not dead! Georgia is a sovereign still! \* \* \*

“And our great foe may be assur’d  
“That in His cause we’ll do naught good;  
“But most contrary to His will  
“We’ll seek to cause the greatest ills,  
“And if superior wisdom should  
“Out of great evils bring forth good,  
“Our labors must prevent that end;  
“Some means for evil ever find;  
“Thus never failing to disturb  
“His inmost councils to’rd the world,  
“And evil doing day and night  
“Be our sole task, our sole delight.”

(In this confab Nick and the knight  
Still in their minds anxious to fight,

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The principle for which they (the South) fought—the only principle of government expansive enough to meet the requirements of advancing civilization, made of late by Gladstone’s eloquence so familiar to European thought—was American born. Sun of the modern as compared with the ancient civilization; “Home Rule” as contrasted with centralization; it rose in the west, and now mounts the western firmament, red with the blood of Confederate heroes, moist with the tears of Confederate widows and orphans. Eastward shall it continue to roll, carrying with it the blessed light of the Christian civilization all round the globe. And so surely as it moves, it shall bring the day of final triumph, to be decreed by the mind and conscience of man to time-tested truth. In that triumphal procession, Abraham Lincoln shall not move as the rightful President, but Jefferson Davis, the so-called “traitor,” leader of the so-called “lost” cause.—*Speech of General Henry R. Jackson, at Macon, Georgia, October 26, 1887.*

Show true an'mus of all the rest  
Of the unregen'rate secesh.)

At this the Deil ceased his harangue,  
While all the hordes, now strung along,  
With banners of strange form and hue,  
Stood ready for the grand review.  
And at the clang of bells and gongs  
The grand procession moved along.

With proud disdain they move along,  
These motly, blear-eyed Bourbon throngs :  
Each clan or horde placed in position  
According to its great devotion.

The dough-face horde that's first descried  
Is th' North's unwash'd, untterrified :  
Tilden, though dead, his name they need,  
So Cypher Alley takes their lead :  
While other ghosts of those long dead  
With Old Buck's ghost hovers o'er his head.

Next, pressing close hard on the van,  
Come the great solid Ku Klux Klans :  
Last Ditch Lamar now takes their lead,  
While Old Floyd's ghost hovers o'er his  
head.

Next Tam'ny's clans we now perceive,  
Not forty, but forty thousand, thieves :

Their great boss sachem takes their lead,  
While Old Tweed's ghost hovers o'er his  
head.

Blacklegs and convicts next we meet,  
Mostly held to service by their States ;  
Courtesans, debauchees, and such as that,  
For these are always dimecrats.

Next St. John's dupes stand up to count,  
With pers'nal lib'iyites they 'mount  
To sev'ral powerful red-nosed clans :  
In their grand work they've all joined hands.

A wild, wierd horde next moves along,  
The Lat'r Day Saints, a motley throng  
Of ignorant, superstitious flats,  
Who've always been good dimecrats.

Hard on the heels of the Mormons  
Come the great Mugwump reformers ;  
Smallest, most clam'rous, of the clans,  
Most pure, most virt'ous, of all men ;  
They could give grace to all the clans,  
Dictate to Satan proper plans,  
This small fag-end, this sweet cabal,  
" Noblest Romans of them all :"  
Each in his mind almost a god—  
Small tail to wag so big a dog.

## ST. STEPMEN II.

### CANTO III.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

The val'rous deeds, the passing worth,  
Of Old Nick's hosts are here set forth;  
As ranged and marshal'd hordes and clans,  
The solid Ku Klux take the van;  
Next the dough-fac'd, unterrified;  
Next Tam'nys chief and warriors wild;  
Blacklegs and convicts next come on;  
Next the red noses and St. John;  
The Saints come next—pure, undefil'd;  
The great Mugwumps bring up the tail.

Erstwhile were sung the fiendish deeds  
Of him rebellious 'gainst his God,  
Who hath full charge of all mankind  
That yield to him a willing mind.  
Then were rehears'd the hordes and clans,  
Those chaste, pure, wise and virtuous gangs :  
With flags unfurl'd and banners flashing,  
Salvation Army of the Nation.  
But naught was said of their queer notions.  
About the patriots' true devotion :  
But here is giv'n the fullest scale  
Of their great virtues in detail.

'Twas dif'cult question to decide,  
'Twixt dough-faces unterrified,  
And the South's solid Ku Klux Klans,  
Which in this raid should take the van;  
For both were champ'ons willingly  
Of "the sum of all villanies;"  
Both, strong defenders of this crime,  
Both claim'd its origin divine,  
And both upheld the Nation's shame,  
Man's right to property in man:  
Both have opposed all legislation,  
That's brought prosperity to the Nation:  
Both, with slave driving chivalry,  
Scorn'd universal liberty:  
Both true to dimecrat traditions,  
Both tried to overthrow the nation.

### THE KU KLUX KLANS.

Thus do all traitors:  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself.  
*—Shakespeare.*

But the Ku Klux should take the lead,  
Though all be true that's just been said;  
And proudly leading on the van,  
With a clean record, every man;



Of which they've never been asham'd,  
 Nor with desertion ever blam'd :  
 For always sticking to their text,  
 They've claim'd this world and most of next.

Erstwhile, when slavery they defended,  
 And prov'd 'twas right, must be extended :  
 This, and their dogma of states rights,  
 Caus'd long and bitter wordy fights ;  
 But when these bouts no hope could bring,  
 Turn'd to the arbiter of kings :  
 Took up the sword, made desp'rate war,  
 And fought till they could fight no more.

Now that they hate, it is no wonder,  
 The power that forced them to surrender :  
 That right divine, which they still claim,  
 To buy and sell their fellow-men :  
 More barb'rous still, most deprav'd sin,  
 To buy and sell their own offspring.  
 The South they long for as it was,  
 And cherish still their sweet, lost cause :  
 Weep o'er their dead confed'racy,  
 Whose corner-stone was negro slavery :  
 And, grieving, look back to'rd dark ages.  
 When lashes took the place of wages ;  
 They sigh for those bright days of yore,  
 When slaves made lovely paramour.

When children born to wives in mansions,  
No stain of blood but fair caucasian,  
Saw their half-brothers darker hu'd,  
Of half or quarter negro blood,  
Torn from their mothers in the huts,  
And sold at auction from the block.  
The proceeds of this vile commerce,  
This barb'rous relict, blighting curse,  
Brought sloth and vice to the caucasian,  
With wealth and high social position ;  
Or place of high trust in the Nation,  
Or sent him 'broad for's education.

Such things made possible, 'twould seem  
The whole vile system would condemn ;  
Which gave Tom Moore such keen delight,  
In pungent satire thus to write :  
“ When weary statesman for repose hath  
fled,  
“ From halls of council to his negro's shed ;  
“ Where blest he woos some black Aspasia's  
grace,  
“ And dreams of freedom in his slave's  
embrace.”

Thus this peculiar institution  
Made ours the scorn of all the nations :

Made it the butt of ribaldry,  
 For haters of democracy,  
 Who claim'd no system worse could be,  
 Than this for licensed lechery.

This charge, 'twas useless to deny,  
 When facts so stubborn met the eye :  
 Facts, that too plainly could be seen,  
 And were well known, read of all men :  
 Facts, that none could deny or doubt,  
 For nature'd let the secret out.  
 In all the slave States, new and old,  
 Where chattel slaves were bought and sold,  
 This institution, most ungodly,  
 Gave them to masters, soul and body,  
 Here mulattos, quadroons, metifs,  
 Meamelouc's, marabous, sange-meles, griffs,  
 White blood and black, in mazes mix'd :  
 No ethnographer could unravel,  
 Such labyrinths, nor could the devil,  
 As nature here gave faithfully,  
 The tale of a nation's adultery.

Though slavery's dead the South still mourn  
 Their confed'racy's corner-stone :  
 With states rights sent to that same bourne,  
 Whence neither trav'ler will return.

These rank twins, monstrous herecies,  
Ghosts of the dead confed'racy :  
Now haunt each devil's advocate,  
In horrid dreams by day and night :  
Still goad them on to more complain,  
O direful fate ! what might have been !  
Had they, with their slaveocracy,  
In guise of true democracy,  
Of liberty a mockery,  
Of ignorance and illit'racy,  
Of licensed open lechery,  
Of crimes against humanity,  
With this sum of all villanies,  
By all the world been let alone,  
What marv'lous things they might have done.

Still proud of the great war they made,  
Proud of their treas'n and warlike deeds ;  
Proud of their solid Ku Klux Klans,  
Their shotgun clubs and red-shirt gangs :  
Proud of vile tricks in honor's name,  
Of words and deeds to their own shame :  
Still clinging to dead slav'ry's corse,  
And sniv'ling o'er their grievous loss :  
Lament that pure, sweet, dear, lost cause.

Of late, one General Henry Jackson,  
Though not of that old Hick'ry pattern,

Nor like he whom they're pleas'd to call  
 "Our grim old chief, the great Stonewall ;"  
 But one who gave up willingly,  
 And claim'd a nation's clemency.  
 Now speaking for Confed'rates, says  
 New light hath sprung up in these days :  
 Declares, "the war was all for naught,  
 "The cause still lives for which we fought ;  
 "We are not rebels, but patriots.  
 "The world's been told the South made war  
 "But to perpetuate slavery here ;  
 "'Tis false, though slavery's corse we see,  
 "No shame's attach'd t' its memory :  
 "The South hath suffered much for it,  
 "Did not create—nor would restore it.

"But false must be the historic muse,  
 "If in the future she refuse  
 "To do her duty in all things,  
 "And all facts forward clearly bring,  
 "Showing that African slav'ry,  
 "When its hist'ry's told truthfully,  
 "Was by far the most civilizing  
 "Relationship, more humanizing,  
 "More mild, and gentle, too, as well,  
 "Ev'r borne by labor to capital."

But these old cranks will soon die off,  
And to their country little loss.  
May young men spring up in their stead  
Of better hearts and wiser heads.

Thus the Ku Klux, the solid South,  
In serried phalanx all came forth,  
With signs portentous, making known  
What 'twas their purpose should be done,  
With great Saint Stephen in their lead,  
A mere dough-face—dough figure-head;  
Most pliant clay in the skill'd hands  
Of leader of these hungry gangs,  
The Saint found that civ'l serv'ce deform'd  
Was of the dimecrats first born,  
And when the dimecrats prevail,  
“To the victors belong the spoils.”  
And he hath found when in the hands  
Of hungry dimecratic gangs,  
They are his masters—he their tool—  
He may be chief, but they will rule.

Thus dim'crats of the solid South  
Will show their allies of the North  
That as of old they're born to rule  
These hungry hordes, their dough-fac'd tools.  
They see that they've the means at hand,  
And understand full well the plan,

And know of old what great wonders  
Were done by means of public plunder.

As in the past, the great slave power  
Made the dough-faces cringe and cower,  
So now the solid, dim'crat South,  
Will make them feel its solid force :  
Nor will they ever be content  
Till they control the government,  
Till their arch schemes regain the power  
Lost in their great slave-drivers' war.

Brave in attack, strong to defend,  
No means untried to gain their ends,  
Now fierce and anxious for the fray,  
Most keen and greedy for their prey.  
Arm'd, ready, all their hosts were forming  
To lead Nick's grand Salvation Army.  
The South's great solid Ku Klux Klans  
In this grand raid should take the van.

### THE DOUGH-FACE HORDES.

Of all the factions men we've seen,  
Existing now or long since dead,  
No one was ever known so mean  
As Northern dough-faced copperhead.  
—*John Hopely.*

But the dough-faces of the North,  
Unlike the Ku Klux of the South,  
Are made of very different stuff.

That they're courageous is well known,  
By val'rous deeds they might have done,  
For they've been always brave as sheep,  
Or as a cur when fast asleep.

They've wisdom, too, as serpents have,  
Though harmless, even as the dove ;  
'Twas they upheld the South's great treason,  
Few of them read—none ever reason.  
That they're all patriots there's no doubt,  
Though none hath ever found it out ;  
Still, it is greatly to their credit  
That each one for himself hath said it ;  
Great race of statesmen, in their minds,  
Angelic purity refined.  
If true, important all should know,  
They've always sworn that it was so.

But these great patriots were of old,  
As at the present, brave and bold,  
And were slave-drivers' willing tools,  
Obsequious to their arrant rule :  
So keen their masters then to please,  
If these took suff, they too must sneeze.  
And when in those old Bourbon times  
'Twas found that slavery was divine,  
And th' slave-drivers began to claim  
That all the world belong'd to them,



Then lo-co-fo-co dough-faces  
 Tried hard their masters still to please :  
 They'd give the drivers all they wish'd,  
 And all the seat, if they'd insist.

The South they must conciliate,  
 No matter 'bout the country's fate :  
 They'd have all the public domain  
 Remanded back t' slav'ry again,  
 And States repeal, without a cause,  
 All of their pers'nal lib'ty laws,  
 And change their constitutions so  
 That in the future no state laws  
 Could by their law-makers be made  
 'Twould interfere with their slave trade.

They'd change the fugitive slave laws  
 So that no matter when or how  
 A foolish slave should wander off  
 From his good master's friendly roof,  
 Seeking, as men have always done,  
 For freedom, God's best boon to man,  
 No man should give him meat or drink,  
 Or let him for one moment think  
 That he were else than a poor dog,  
 An outcast from both man and God,  
 Whose crime threw him outside the pale  
 Of all man's charity and good will ;

That service to his master was  
His fulfillment of all the laws.

Thus the dough-faces and their masters  
Would force the free States to take action,  
Accept the slave cabal's dictation,  
Submit to their base ultimatum,  
And thus intrench their institution  
Behind the laws and constitution ;  
Naught left undone that they could do  
To place it 'bove God's higher law.

Such their offense, so vast their crime ;  
Without a parallel in all time  
Was this attempt to foist such shame  
On the Republic for all time ;  
As that hateful atrocity,  
That crime against all decency,  
Which no good tendencies could have,  
Worse for the master than the slave ;  
Monster so vile men turned away  
From such fiendish enormity.  
A blight, a curse, naught worse than that,  
Sweet pet of all the dimecrats.

But when the dread fierce crisis came,  
That was to try the souls of men,

True to their name and their traditions,  
 The dough-faces took their position.  
 Trusty informers of the South,  
 Who knew each weak point of the North,  
 'Twas thought these worthies surely knew  
 How to advise and what to do.

They said in case the South made war  
 'Twould only be a brief affair,  
 For to secede they had a right.  
 The North? O, no, the North won't fight;  
 And Lincoln's hirelings going forth  
 Would meet an army in the North  
 That would rise up in dough-face wrath  
 and sweep them from the face of earth.

But as the sequel plainly show'd,  
 These dough-faces were dunghill blood;  
 For when it came to a tight pinch,  
 These war'iors would not move an inch.  
 Though they'd engaged to take the lead,  
 They soon found out they were not made  
 To 'gage in fratricidal war,  
 And drench the earth with brothers' gore.

While war for them had heav'nly charms,  
 They lov'd the glit'ring pomp of arms,

Would soldier when the days were fine,  
Be patriots in the summer time ;  
But couldn't 'gage in deadly strifes—  
They lov'd too well their precious lives ;  
Had rather be unworthy scions,  
Or living curs than stiff, dead lions.

'Twas thus the North's dough-faces prov'd  
Devotion to their Southern love,  
Who, like a harlot, from the first  
Had play'd them for all they were worth.  
For they to her play'd second fiddle,  
Till now this rupture in the middle  
Of their great dimecratic party  
Had shown how tender, warm and hearty  
Was their devotion to her cause,  
And she'd a chance its depth to prove.

For she'd decided to secede,  
No matter what fierce strife 't might breed,  
Thinking these dough-faced blatherskites  
Would help her cause with all their might.  
But when she'd brought on desp'rate war,  
Then they decided to withdraw ;  
They quit her serpentine embrace,  
Quit fid'ling, turned and play'd her base.

Though they had helped bring on the war,  
 They didn't wish its fate to share,  
 And dare not face the strife they'd bred,  
 But turn'd mossbacks and copperheads ;  
 Or went abroad to Canada,  
 As bankers do in latter days ;  
 Or like mollbuzzers<sup>1</sup> or sneak thieves,  
 Who scare shy women out of their lives,  
 They tried to frighten the timid fair,  
 Or kindle fires in the rear.

And when this dire slave-drivers' war  
 Spread desolation everywhere,  
 And when in death's throes slavery  
 Shook e'en the throne of liberty ;  
 When North and South, each home and  
                   hamlet  
 In young blood paid its horrid tribute ;  
 When Liberty, best gift of God,  
 Was be'ng anew baptized in blood,  
 'Twas then the copperheads of th' North  
 With new decrees again came forth,  
 Declar'd the war could not succeed,  
 And dough-faces turned copperheads.

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<sup>1</sup> " Mollbuzzers," a thief that devotes himself to picking the pockets of women.

Of these were Seymour, Bigler, Hunt,  
Hendricks, Vollandigham, Belmont,  
With Richmond, Eaton, Wallace, Thurman,  
Church, Allen, Pendleton and Morgan,  
McDonald, Harris, Trent and Cass,  
With Powell, Guthrie and the rest,  
Wickliff and others of that class,  
And Saintly Sammy (dead at last);  
While some were absent for the reason  
That they were then look'd up for treason.

These worthies all with one accord,  
Now dying for the public good;  
Declar'd this war and strife shall cease,  
Which meant, the South should go in peace.  
But their decrees were not final,  
For they were not the great tribunal;  
Let loyal millions this decide,  
While copperheads may stand aside.

On November fourth, sixty-four,  
Came the decree—auspicious hour;  
The copperheads with all their force,  
Were badly routed, foot and horse:  
Crush'd by this grand loyal decree,  
This onward march of liberty;  
Sneak'd out of sight like bats or moles,  
Or other snakes that hunt their holes.

As copperheads not since been seen,  
But most loyal of loyal men ;  
Good hangers on—obsequious tools,  
With cheek 'twould shame a government  
mule :

They next turn'd up in doughface guise,  
Staunch champ'ons of the Union cause.

But like that graceless prod'gal son,  
All mischief they could do had done ;  
But unlike him who cow'd and meek,  
A servant's place would gladly take ;  
They think the state should kill a calf ;  
And make a feast in their behalf ;  
Clothe them in high official robes,  
Dub them "the only pure and good."  
That sturdy patriots good and true,  
Should make o'er them a great ado :  
With blasts of trumpets, blare of horns,  
Proclaim the prod'gal's safe return.

Though works meet for repentance made,  
In no case have they ever show'd :  
No good works have they ever done,  
Nor chang'd the least, a single one,  
Of the tenets of bourbon creeds,  
Neither doughface nor copperhead.

And having tried hard to destroy  
Freedom's retreat, the world's great joy ;  
Man's only hope, the monarch's dread,  
From kingly rule a country freed,  
These craven dough-face copperheads,  
Who 'gainst their country took the lead  
Of mobs, assassins, bandits, thieves ;  
Would gladly make all men believe,  
'Twas they alone the country saved,  
And to the nation unity gave.

They'd gladly blot their hist'ry out,  
And change their record all about ;  
For when their crimes 'gainst God and man,  
Are brought to light for men to scan,  
They try with lies and specious reason,  
To prove they ne'er committed treason ;  
But when pursu'd—driven to the wall,  
With their sins manifest to all,  
Then as their treason 'gins to hurt,  
Shriek bloody ! bloody ! bloody shirt !  
'Twould thus seem easy to decide,  
That the dough-fac'd unterrified ;  
Were no wise fit to lead the throng,  
In their grand raid on Washington ;  
But now they're all again joined hands,  
Dough-faces and the Ku Klux Klans,



And must'ring all their allies hungry,  
They've organized anew for plunder;  
For plunder's all the issue made,  
The only platform they have laid;  
George William Curtis hath said it,  
And he's entitled to full credit,  
He's high authority on that,  
Himself a mugwump dimecrat.

## THE TAMMANY HORDES.

"Grim-visaged war hath smoothed  
His wrinkled front."

—*Shakespeare.*

The hordes next seen, war-painted braves,  
Heep traditions of ancient days.  
The William Mooney, voodoo party;  
Or sometimes call'd Columb'an society:  
Saint Tammany, the pure and good:  
The oldest of the clans or hordes.

In squads and gangs they toddle on,  
These bloody aborig'nal throngs;  
The cap of lib'ty deck'd each head;  
Their faces rad'ant, whisky red:  
With tom'hawks to protect their lives,  
And in their belts keen scalping knives;

Their banners floating on the breeze,  
They chanted war songs of their braves.

Grand Sachem Kelley led the van,  
Brandishing high in his right hand  
The big tom'hawk and pipe of peace,  
Which gave Saint Stephen's mind great ease ;  
This show'd the braves were all for peace ;  
Not out for scalps on the warpath :  
They only wanted wampum, boodle,  
And not the scalp off Stephey's roodle.

Each sachem gorgeously array'd,  
With paint and feathers well display'd ;  
Though greatly chang'd th' ab'rig'nal tog  
Hath been by these chiefs from the bogs,  
That huge war bonnet feather stuff,  
Hath been changed to a pileus ;  
The massive war club, painted gayly,  
Hath been replac'd by foine shelaly :  
Each brave, instead of buckskin frock,  
Now wears a coat and a shamrock ;  
In place of quiver and of bow,  
Each hath his fishkey bottle now.

Thus Kelley's braves in warlike trim,  
Would break their necks to follow him,

And while the pipe of peace they smoke,  
 Wear a soft silk and golden yoke :  
 Which is the insignia or guide,  
 The colors of each sachem's tribe,  
 Conceal'd beneath these tribal colors,  
 Is kept the boss's great brass collar ;  
 From which a chain extends along,  
 To lead the brave or drive him on.  
 This great brass collar with the chain,  
 Is known as party discipline ;  
 Though while the brave attends each call,  
 He holds himself a party pull :  
 And using this with crafty noddle,  
 It always brings him wampum, boodle.

To tell the deeds in fitting words,  
 Of all these patriot clans and hordes ;  
 From Aaron Burr and Mooney's times,  
 Down to Jake Sharp's street railway lines ;  
 'Twould take pen of Nick Machiavel,  
 To write their hist'ry true and full :  
 And 'twould make book of e'en more leaves,  
 Than that about the forty thieves.

Those stories 'bout the frauds and treach'ry,  
 Of patriots sent to penitentiary  
 For little schemes work'd out by them,  
 While they were honest aldermen :

These, like great deeds of patriots sung,  
Would make fine reading for the young.  
And given in full, the patriot deeds  
Of bosses, such as William Tweed ;  
Who with his pal's hasten'd abroad  
For health, and for their country's good ;  
If written by rhetorical rules,  
Would make good lessons for our schools,  
And teach the young and rising throng,  
What's meant by dimecrat reform.

THE BLACKLEG, FLASH AND FANCY  
HORDES.

All hell broke loose.

—*Milton.*

In favor'd places of the land,  
Where commerce builds up cities grand ;  
These thriving marts of business great,  
Where mankind most do congregate :  
Here, 'mongst great masses we shall find  
The best and worst of human kind ;  
And here, 'mongst slums and sloughy flats,  
Are bred the nat'ral born dim'crats.  
From these sweet haunts came forth the clans,  
Keen to obey their chief's commands,

And each whelp, anxious at his call,  
 To do the boss's sovereign will ;  
 Unless, mayhap, through some adventure,  
 He finds himself in penitentiary.

The leading Nob of all these clans,  
 From Baltimore, My Maryland :  
 Saint Stephen's bosom friend and brother,  
 Damon and Pythias yoked together.  
 Now 'mongst all great and good reformers,  
 Both Stephen and his best pal, Gorman,  
 Are the author'ty of the country,  
 On civil service and mugwump'ry.  
 For, like the Mugwumps, they believe  
 That murd'ers, cut-throats, felons, thieves,  
 May be reformed with greatest ease,  
 By giving them fat offices.  
 Thus they'd make these good citizens,  
 And of outcasts make useful men ;  
 To fix up registration rolls,  
 And play the bully round the polls ;  
 Or thimble-rig the ballot boxes,  
 Arrange the count as cute as foxes ;  
 Or tinker up majorities,  
 As large or small as they may please.

Boss Gorman led off with his gangs,  
 The shining lights of all the clans :

His blackart pals, cute bal't box stuffers,  
Pluguglies, thugs and fancy duffers ;  
All sweet reformers, clean wharf rats,  
My Mar'land's reform dimecrats.

Next came Boss Har'son, "our Carter,"  
With his reformers keen and hearty ;  
McDonald led blacklegs and thieves ;  
The anarchists were led by Spies ;  
The footpads, sneak thieves, tramps and  
brawlers,  
Were led by Mr. Congressman Lawler ;  
While Parson Davis bloom'd alone  
With all the sluggers of 's hippodrome ;  
Next came McLean, the ardent bluffer,  
With his thugs, toughs and bal't box stuffers,  
They're now less bold, act less adventurously,  
They've wholesome dread of th' penitentiary.

Thus blacklegs and the flash led on,  
And next came all the fancy throng ;  
Their leader was a slugger bold,  
A demi-god like Greeks of old ;  
Who, one John Boyle O'Riley says,  
Is grandest fid'ler<sup>1</sup> of these days.

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<sup>1</sup> "Fiddler," a pugilist that depends more upon his activity than upon his bottom.—See *Foxe's Slang Dictionary*.

'Tis great Jack Sullivan, from the Hub,  
 Who erstwhile caused such great hubbub  
 'Mongst England's lords and heirs to th'  
                   throne,

Who'd heard what savage mills he'd won ;  
 Was feted, coddled, and all that,  
 And dub'd "society's new pet."

At this, were rous'd Saint Stephen's fears,  
 And he 'gan pricking up his ears,  
 For he could see a rival great,  
 In Boston's blooming candidate :  
 Besides, he'd always been most fond,  
 Of Johnny Bulls beyond the pond ;  
 And now to see a Buf'lo Bill,  
 Or this great miller of the mills,  
 A capturing all the English blarney,  
 While they were always "blooming bar-  
                   neys,"<sup>1</sup>

Was more than e'en a saint could stand,  
 So he brac'd up to take a hand.

Now Carlisle revamp'd his old speech,  
 Long used by him, free trade to preach ;  
 Which loaded Stephen to the muzzle,  
 With flams and chouse and free trade puzzles,

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<sup>1</sup> "Blooming Barney," a great humbug.

For he'd been cram'd and coach'd all summer,  
And fix'd up to knock out all comers,  
To play the game for all 'twas in it,  
And knock out Jack and Bill'n a minute.  
Thus, this new fledg'd, free trade dim'crat,  
Stood trained and ready for the scratch.

Though Sullivan may "horrify,"  
And do his man up terribly ;  
And Buf'lo Bill not far behind,  
Kill off the savage, in his mind  
One finds that 'tis no work for him  
To mash a gigg<sup>1</sup> or douse a glim ;<sup>2</sup>  
Th' other gives mor'n your money's worth,  
In th' greatest moral show on earth ;  
And shows the good old Queen around,  
With lords and dukes and heirs to the crown ;  
One fights the "best man" to a finish,  
And does him up in just twelve minutes ;  
The other plays all men for noodles,  
And thinks he'll capture all their boodle ;  
But when Saint Stephen they did meet,  
Were both compell'd to take back seats.

---

<sup>1</sup> "Gigg," the nose.    <sup>2</sup> "Douse a glim," close up an eye by pommelling the face.



Now Stephen braced his armor on,  
Like the full moon his red phiz shone ;  
He look'd the image, as he strode,  
Of some grand high priced Chinese god ;  
With Free Trade's dazzling armor on,  
The doughty chieftain bloom'd along.

To combat with majestic glow,  
Thus stalked the saint from Buffalo :  
A chief tremendous, fat, well fed,  
With neck more pond'rous than his head,  
Earth quak'd and trembled at his tread.  
He spies his foes group'd every where,  
In homes and hamlets near and far ;  
Not war's fierce, horrid hosts are these,  
But hosts engaged in arts of peace :  
Whose toil for mankind doth provide,  
Their wants and luxuries beside.

Hard by are seen his bottle holders,  
To brace him up and make him bolder ;  
While high in air, he forceful flings  
His quiv'ring free trade javelins.  
The conflict hath more fierce become,  
The Saint trots out his quaker gun  
And mounts this grim free trade petard,  
Points it to'rd Uncle Sam's barn yard

And well inflated turns it loose  
To kill for Britons Sam's fat goose.  
The blast of wind bursts forth, deeptoned,  
The Saint's grim phiz now brightly shone,  
The Johnny Bulls cry out: "Well done!  
"He stands the bullwark of the throne."

Thus to the Saint the palm is given,  
"Best spec'men of Amer'canism;"  
And Folsom flat'ry doth receive  
From Briton and the free trade leagues,  
As grandest statesman in his line  
Since good old Jim Buchanan's time.

'Twould be profane to tell about  
The oaths that Britons will let out  
When they, with deep chagrin, shall find  
His gun was only charg'd with wind;  
Then they'll divide their praise more even,  
'Twixt Jack and Bill and great Saint  
Stephen.

### THE RED NOSED CLANS.

A knave's a knave to me in every state.

—*Pope.*

Next came the prohibition racket,  
With num'rous whiskyites to back it,

Led by that old gar'lous St. John,  
Who thinks the world has all gone wrong  
And must be rul'd by prohibition  
Or else go straight to perdition.

Who would dictate what men should think  
And legislate what they should drink,  
He'd regulate every man's prog  
But 'low no man to take his grog.  
Whose heart is always set upon  
Whatever glorifies St. John.  
Believing whisky could be corner'd,  
He joined the dimecrat reformers,  
Play'd prohibition, mountebank  
And hobnob'd with old whisky cranks,  
He also play'd the siren charmer,  
In aid of Nick's Salvation army,  
Using deceit, slander and lying,  
All rules of decency defying,  
Whichever seem'd to be most winning,  
As he went forth a harlequining.

And when accus'd of crooked work  
With whiskyites and Nick's chief clerk,  
He swore 'fore notary that he  
Took no small sum nor larger fee  
From any one of Barnum's men  
Nor any one employ'd by them.

But if St. John did not sell out,  
As was the story bandied 'bout,  
One fact it seem'd was very plain  
That Satan wanted no such man,  
For all could see by merest glance  
All St. John wanted was a chance  
Under the guise of "God and home"  
To do what Satan wanted done.

If Satan paid him for his work,  
Through sev'n-mule Barnum, his chief clerk,  
Then the affair was all the same,  
For paid, or not paid, Satan's man,  
His gab reform is slight disguise,  
Deceit will quit him when he dies.

His following was always slim,  
Made up of other cranks like him,  
A motley crew this horde discloses,  
Of bloated bibbers—carmine noses—  
With purple faced gangs, "wets and drys,"  
And reform'd drunkards with pink eyes,  
Of whiskyites, who coach these clans  
And hope to fool poor temp'rance men.

These mount the chariot of reform  
And toot the prohibition horn,

Although the chariot was a sham,  
Naught but a gorgeous whisky van,  
They vault t' their seats with grace and ease  
And fling their carmine noses to the breeze.

### THE MORMON HORDES.

And while the Congress does its best,  
The need seems still more imminent,  
This growing nuisance to arrest  
And still protect the innocent,  
While statesmens' minds are greatly vex'd,  
How this vile shame may be controll'd;  
The old polygs still stick to their text  
And hustle souls into the fold.

—*Spike Rider.*

Hail motley hordes ! hail saintly clans !  
Hail dimecratic Mormon gangs !  
High 'mongst the hordes take your proud  
station,  
Made dimecrats by revelation,  
Now come to offer their respects  
To great Saint Stephen the elect.  
For these were dimecrats of old,  
When but few saints were in the fold,  
When Joseph and his brigand crew  
Prais'd God and plunder'd round Nauvoo.

Leading, they said, a spotless life,  
Engaging in no human strife,  
Only wresting from Gentile greed  
What e'er the Mormon "god hath read."

In these good days the spotless saints  
Thought only of their souls' great wants;  
Still some took a more prov'dent course  
And laid up treasures on the earth;  
While some in worldly matters thriv'd,  
Others took num'rous spir'tual wives.

And when the gentiles in those regions,  
Who had no use for Morm'n religion,  
Engag'd in fierce polit'cal strife  
And party spirit became rife,  
Then these celestials sometimes mix'd  
In earthly grov'ling politics.  
And Joseph then had revelations  
From the ruler of his nation,  
Thus, from their god direct, would know  
What was the proper thing to do.

About this Gentiles were all skeptics,  
For they knew all about his antics,

They knew that his inspired racket  
Was all made up behind the blanket.<sup>1</sup>

So now, it was well understood  
That all the saints, the pure and good,  
Would do just as their prophet of god  
Had given them the sacred word ;  
For, he each time, gave just the same  
Advise, no matter whence it came,  
And they the hand of God could see  
With the unwash'd democracy.

But a Milesian's cunning wit  
Sounded at once the bottom of it.  
He said : " That Joseph, pure and make,  
" His Lord's own word could only spake,  
" Sure Joseph's God, like that of Moses,  
" Is no whig, free soil, fanatic,  
" For when he spakes by the prophet Joseph  
" He always spakes dimecratic."

True to those time honor'd traditions,  
The saints to-day take their position,  
They lead the Mugwumps marching on  
In this grand raid on Washington.

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<sup>1</sup> When Joe Smith read off the Book of Mormon to Oliver Cowdry, who wrote it down, Smith sat behind a blanket hung across the room to keep the sacred records from profane eyes.

First, come great Peter, James and John  
That lead this wild, weird, leery throng ;  
One is the president, the chief  
Of all who dwell in Mormon faith ;  
The other two give him advice  
When church affairs need work that nice.  
Here the first pres'dent is the greater,  
He's prophet, priest, seer, revelator,  
In all the world first president,  
Trustee in trust, for all the saints.

Next, close to these, their body guard,  
Secret protectors of these lords,  
The Danites, thieving, cowardly rangers,  
The Mormon church's sure avengers.

The twelve apostles next appear,  
Who work for fifteen hundred a year,  
They form a traveling high council  
And ordain officers to fill  
All offices, both high and low,  
Baptise, and do what's else to do.

Next, come the patriarchs of the land,  
Who peddle blessings, lay on hands,  
Their trade is lucrative to "foller"  
Each written blessing brings a dollar,



While they cry van'ty—all is van'ty !  
 Still they are only poor human'ty,  
 For they were all “plum tucker'd out”  
 Before they found that mist'ry out.

Next come the pres'dents of the seventys,  
 And there are seventy of these,  
 Seventy elders make one seventy,  
 With seven pres'dents in each seventy,  
 These for the cause work day and night  
 Making converts and proselytes  
 And strug'ling to increase the yield  
 Both of their harems and their fields.

Next come the order of high priests,  
 That monkey round the endowment house  
 And help polygs—old slip'ry eels—  
 To seat diverse new sweet young seals.

Next bishops come, saintly and wise,  
 Gathering up the church's tithes,  
 While priests, teachers and deacons try  
 To get a finger in this pie.

And thus, the of'cers of the church  
 That labor most in this good work  
 Have something from the public crib  
 That helps to bring the children bread ;

For all have wives, both old and young,  
Some seal'd from the celestial throng;  
With children everlasting lots,  
Big, little, old, young, long and short,  
Brunettes and blondes, some lean, some fat,  
More kids than you could shake a stick at.

Next the great common herd comes forth  
Like vast insane retreat turn'd loose;  
As it comes on we here may note  
Some striking features of the lot,  
For as they cripple, toddle along,  
We wonder whence they all could come.

Halt, maim'd, flat-heads, wry-neck'd and  
blind,  
Cock-eyed, blear-eyed, sore-ear'd behind,  
Red-heads, flax-heads, black-heads, frowsy,  
With hair dishevel'd, long and lousy,  
Big-nosed, blink-eyed, one-arm'd, claw-  
handed,  
Hunch-backs, monsters, queer-heads, legs  
bandy,  
Toothless, one-eyed, sway-back'd and deaf,  
Freckled, warty, hair-lip'd, black teeth,  
High-cheek'd, flat-nosed, teeth all scragged,  
Long-ear'd, scrag-neck'd, garments drag-  
gled,

Cross-eyed, meek-eyed, sore-eyed, sad-eyed,  
 Cat-eyed, moon-eyed, tear-eyed, red-eyed,  
 Hip-shot, snake-eyed, knock-kneed, club-  
           footed,

Stub-feet, loose-joints, flat-feet, web-footed,  
 Hook-nos'd, lop-eared, wall-eyed, lop-sided,  
 'Twixt tusks and stumps the mouth divided,  
 With sores and wens and humps and bumps,  
 With moles and scabs and shoulders hump'd,  
 Are thus made up, these Mormon clans,  
 A horde of Quilps and Calibans,  
 With minds deform'd quite as unique  
 As that of each ones' strange physique.

This grotesque horde of lunatics,  
 These sweet, pure, typ'cal dimecrats  
 As ign'rant as a herd of mules,  
 Worse bigots than most dupes and fools ;  
 Have now come forth to sound the praise  
 Of him, exemplar of their ways.  
 And limping, wig'ling, shuf'ling on  
 They sing this most appropriate song.

Hail to the chief! Hail our great friend?  
       Loud paeans to his praises chant,  
 Our persecutions now will end,  
       Saint Stephen is our patron saint.

Worthy is he to be our chief,  
Most exalted is our master ;  
His works accord with our belief,  
His only offspring is a bastard.

### THE MUGWUMP HORDES.

The Democratic party which fell from power as a conspiracy against human rights, now attempts to sneak back to power as a conspiracy for plunder and spoils.—*George William Curtis.*

Close on the heels of the Mormons,  
Press'd the great mugwump reformers  
And taking up the saints refrain  
Made hills and dales resound again.  
Good brother Beecher took their lead,  
Now great Saint Stephen's friend in need,  
Who came to offer Stephen help,  
'Cause he knew how it was himself.

His first lieutenant Myster Schurz,  
Great soldier except when in war ;  
" He fights mit Seigel trinken peer  
" To learn his dadclics by de rear ;"  
And like Franz Seigel, his great fights  
Were mostly made in hasty flight,

Same as the fight at Chancellorsville,  
With his division on a hill,  
When Jackson's guns began to play  
With all his might he ran away.

And when a statesman he came forth  
To right the wrongs of all the earth  
And like a quack of doubtful fame,  
Who dub'd himself "the king of pain",  
He was the one par excellence  
That could find out the nation's wants,  
That could right all the people's wrongs  
And bring about all great reforms  
And to the body politic  
Play king of pain like 'tother quack.

But soon this buffoon was well known,  
His deeds of valor and renown  
As leader of "the new departure"  
Had made him neither saint nor martyr,  
But had develop'd all the features  
Of a chronic office seeker,  
Who statemanship would sure attain,  
Could he use brass instead of brain.

And when in law renown he'd gain,  
Here too he fail'd for want of brain,  
For, as in war, he could not fight  
When he'd an enemy in sight.

But when turn'd loose to fret the air,  
Then he's a desperate warrior;  
This slim gas-bag struts like a knight,  
A windy, arrant blatherskite.

George William Curtis next was seen,  
He of the trio Mugwump van  
Now posing as a dimecrat,  
One of th' conspiring brigand lot.  
'Twas in his youth a howadji  
Trav'ling where erst the El Mahdi  
Made it lively for our cousins,  
In brigandage learn'd his first lessons.

'Twas not in Syr'a, but th' Soudan  
That he first saw those gay brigands,  
And they have been e'er since that time  
The envy of this great man's mind.  
For he like them brooks no restraint,  
Nor yet reproof to his mind's bent,  
He knows just all there is to know  
And what he thinks, that must be so.

'Tis all for naught a pledge he's made  
Or some great truth that he hath said,  
For what's a pledge or truth to him  
When he would gratify a whim.  
He said that dimecrats were thieves,  
No doubt that truth he still believes,

For he's now with them hand in hand,  
Full fledged political brigand.

Next, groping sadly in the dark  
Came Dominic James Freeman Clark,  
The one "Disciple" of the Lord  
That could expound His holy word  
And tell you all about death terms,  
"Orthodoxy—its Truths and Errors,"  
And all about ten Great Religions,  
Down from the Jews to the Norwegians,  
He'd learn'd all these from early youth  
But never learn'd to tell the truth.

Thus were these pure, wise, Mugwump  
clans  
Led on by this illust'rous gang,  
With many others in their train  
Possess'd of equal world-wide fame,  
For these were all too pure and good  
To mingle with the common herd,  
So this camorra soon 'gan farming  
And join'd the Deil's Salvation Army.

Here they have found congenial friends.  
Spirits that with theirs sweetly blend  
And now they wonder more and more  
They had not struck these pals before,

For, singular as it may seem,  
The base, the low, the vile and mean  
Take to the dimecratic party  
As nat'rally as ducks to water.  
Nor is it strange when once we think  
Why this class should be closely link'd,  
For brutes of not much lower order  
By nature take to one another.  
And it is true of all mankind,  
Each will his lev'l nat'rally find.  
Though he may not reason or think  
He finds his pals by mere instinct.

Thus comes about that true old saw,  
Which but expresses nature's law :  
That both in fair and foul weather,  
Birds of a feather flock together.

But Mugwumps claim to be first-class,  
For they great wisdom do possess,  
Though like he whom they've serv'd of late,  
They're full of malice, guile and hate.  
And here we see effects most sad,  
How learning sometimes makes men mad.  
With erudition of high rank  
A man may be the veriest crank.



Thus the Mugwumps and Pharisees,  
 Whom none in heav'n nor earth could please,  
 Now found that none but Hades' Prince  
 Could satisfy their moral sense ;  
 And full possess'd by mugwump craze,  
 Began to sound their master's praise ;  
 Like birds allur'd by serpents charms,  
 Rush'd madly into Satan's arms.

Same's in disease, we often see  
 Those taken with insanity,  
 Who mild and moral from their birth,  
 Now curse and blaspheme all the worse ;  
 So victims of the mugwump craze  
 Left off their truthful, modest ways,  
 Left off all decency and shame,  
 Did naught but slander and defame,  
 And growl like arrant hypocrites,  
 Lie and get drunk like dimecrats.

Much hath of late been said about  
 Things that "no fellah" can find out ;  
 Those twin delusions of these days,  
 The mugwump and the faith cure craze,  
 True panaceas good and great,  
 To cure our bodies and the state ;  
 While faith cures all our aches and cricks,  
 Mugwump'ry cures our politics.

Had we the pow'r to thread the mazes  
Of human natures, cranks and crazes,  
Seek out the mind in its own home,  
Where all the subtle work is done,  
And deftly, skill'd, could thus lay bare  
The quaint delusions harbour'd there,  
Such puz'ling lab'rynths we'd descry,  
Knots Gordius never could untie—  
A work so intricate and vast  
E'en Hercules would shirk the task.

In trade, food, physic and in dress,  
In politics, relig'on and death,  
We've fads and fashions, runs and rages,  
Booms and revivals, cranks and crazes,  
And as days, months and years come on,  
New crazes start and come along.

These crazes sometimes, like a plague,  
Through all the seasons take the rage,  
While others half the year are off,  
Like summer complaints or winter coughs,  
But those prevailing all th' year round,  
Most hurtful always will be found.

Thus Christian science and mugwump'ry  
Rag'd and seem'd sure to sweep the country,  
For both attack'd the great and civil,  
Same's the best horse may take polevil,

Or like that raging plague, the pips,  
That kills old roosters same's young chicks.

And like the pips or the polevil,  
Which some folks think are sent by th' devil,  
These twin crazes, as hath been said,  
Sent by the Deil, attack the head,  
And may be styl'd, in language civil,  
The faith cure and mugwump polevils.  
Now as these crazes keep along,  
The worse the craze, the more reform ;  
Mugwumps stick to their little fad  
Same's pagans make and set up gods,  
Like croaking ravens perch'd along  
On hollow stumps of sham reform.

And now these Mugwumps take delight  
In contemplating their grand fight,  
How grandly they did this or that  
And outlied even dimecrats.  
They also took the greatest pride  
In laboring thus side by side  
With those great dem'gogues, north and south,  
Best known for want of moral worth,  
The boast of whose constituency  
Is ign'rance and illiteracy.  
They're proud of aiding Tam'ny's clans,  
The shotgun clubs and Ku Klux Klans,

The whiskyites and old St. John,  
The bulldozers and all the throng  
Of repeaters and dough-faces,  
Drunkards, defaulters, debauchees,  
The tramps, paupers and purjurers,  
Mormons, moonshiners, murderers,  
Assassins, bandits, burglars, thugs,  
Hoodlums, footpads and firebugs,  
The anarchists, communists, sluggers,  
Convicts, thieves, courtesans, beggars,  
With all the wyos, rioters, rats,  
And all the other dimecrats,  
With those that stuff the ballots in,  
Led by the Higginses and Mackins.

These are Mugwumps' associates,  
And blandly they affiliate,  
Nor will it bring to either harm,  
Alike they are champions of reform,  
And they'll do their great work with ease  
When Satan hath reform'd Hades.

Here we've a picture of delight,  
Not by Raphael, Bierstadt nor White,  
Yet, it is e'en more true to nature  
Than picture ever made by painter,  
From thy new home, dear brother Beecher,  
Tell us, pray dost thou like the picture?

## ST. STEPHEN II.

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### CANTO IV.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

The dimecratic hordes and clans  
At their chief mogul's grand command,  
Select head men whom they send forth  
To hunt the purest saint on earth.  
When all the candidates they'd reckon'd  
Pick'd out the good Saint Stephen second;  
They thought the saint would much adorn  
As figurehead their new platform.  
There on all fours this sapient tool  
Look'd like the father of a mule.

When Israel's worn and shatter'd bands,  
Were journeying to'rd the promised land,  
Moses went forth to Mount Sinai,  
There to commune with the Most High  
And there 'mongst crags by lightnings rent  
Receiv'd God's laws and commandments.

While thus away from Israel's camp  
The hosts began, with one consent,  
To clamor for a god whose hand  
Could lead them to the promised land.

So Aaron, in his own behalf,  
From earnings, made a golden calf,  
He knew that Jews, ev'n, could be led  
By gold in coins or figureheads.

So now Nick's hosts, keen for the fray,  
Were clam'rous for some saint, that they  
Could set up as a figurehead,  
No leader but one't could be led ;  
Some Hermean signpost that could give  
Most direct route t' the public crib ;  
Who had but very little done  
Ard who was quite as little known ;  
Had made no speech, had writ no letter ;  
The less he knew so much the better.

Then to the chiefs of all the hordes  
Nick through Sev'n Mule sent forth the  
word,  
And through these to sub-chiefs of the clans  
In every bail'wick of the land,  
For all the gangs, kits, herds and squads,  
Crews, tribes, camorras and king mobs,  
To call at once a solemn conclave  
Of all the bosses, chiefs and great braves.  
And when met at their dens and roosts,  
Then let the braves and chiefs set forth

That these conclaves call'd at the word  
 Of the chief mogul of the hordes,  
 Were for the purpose there and then  
 To pick out some of their head men  
 Who would seek out as they went forth,  
 The only pure saint on this earth.

And Sev'n Mule had giv'n order further,  
 To have these hunters come together  
 On the eighth day (in sultry weather)  
 Of that month nam'd from Julius Cæser.  
 Then to compare notes, see what they  
 About the matter had to say  
 Of candidates which they had found,  
 'Twould make good dim'crat saints all  
     'round.

Then to the city by the lake  
 The headmen did themselves betake.  
 For Sev'n Mule had giv'n orders further  
 At that place they should come together  
 And in grand conclave then select  
 A saint 'twould please e'en the elect.

This, in old times, the red man's home,  
 Where frisky polecats lov'd to roam,  
 This too, the place that red men wise  
 Had nam'd "the polecat's paradise,"

For from that ancient cog we know  
The town was first dub'd Chicago.

And from those times ere Dearborn's days,  
When gangs of polecats held the sway,  
Roam'd through the grasses 'mongst the  
                    sloughs

And through the balmy air infused  
And to the prairie flowers' sweet scent  
Added their fumes and redolence.  
Though num'rous as wild honey bees  
Or pebbles long the sounding lea,  
Ther'd ne'er been here half's many pole-  
                    cats,

As now there were of hungry dimecrats.

Now when the headsmen of the clans  
Had gather'd in from all the land  
And were conven'd in grand conclave,  
High-muckey-mucks, great chiefs and  
                    braves,

All clam'rous for a chief't could give  
Sure passports to the public crib.

There too was chief of all the bosses,  
Old man not 'fraid of long-ear'd hosses,  
Grand old Sev'n Mule—the Deil's chief clerk,  
First boss in his great reform work.



With Adj'tant Gen'l Black Art Gorman,  
 Boss bal't-box stuffer and reformer,  
 The Deil's chief aid while he was forming  
 The hordes of his Salvation Army.

Now as Sev'n Mule rose to his feet  
 And posed to grind off his great speech—  
 Grim visag'd chief! the hosts enchain'd—  
 All clamor ceas'd and silence reigned.  
 Forth to'rd the throng he stretch'd his hand,  
 His keen eye view'd the anxious gangs,  
 His ears prick'd up as bright and keen  
 As frighten'd rabbit's e'er were seen,  
 His face lit up by joy 'twas in it,  
 Like pumpkin face with candle in it.

He speaks, the anxious throngs attend,  
 His words, reeking with bourbon, blend  
 Into a short, vehement plea  
 For dimecratic harmony.  
 He said: "This seem'd the sentiment  
 "And this grand conclave's full intent,  
 "The air seem'd saturated with it  
 "And every dimecrat full of it,"  
 But which they'd most 'twas hard to see,  
 Of bourbon, or of harmony.

He said: "Harmony must prevail  
"And this grand conclave must not fail  
"To choose a saint whose name at once  
"Will please both dim'crat and Mugwump."  
He also said: "For chief of th' head men  
"We have pick'd out one of our geat men  
"Who will, in that capacity,  
"Hold down the mob temp'rarily,  
"For he'll allow no plan nor scheme  
"By candidates or their best men  
"To break our harm'ny nor to vex us,  
"Dick Hubbard—red head—right from  
Texas;  
"(Not red 'nough, though, for bulls to heed  
him  
"Nor make woodpeckers come and feed  
him)."

But when a bourbon dim'crat sees  
A dame with hair the color of his  
Or black-hair'd maid with blondin'd tresses,  
About the color of boil'd molasses,  
Or mild red wig on blooming lassie,  
Of hues 'twixt autumn leaves and taffy,  
Or pink-ey'd lass, a white caucasian,  
With scrambled hair in great profusion,

Especially if he chance to be  
 Full, both of bourbon and harmony,  
 Good luck to win, he rushes off  
 And wildly shrieks, "Show me a white hoss !"

No talisman or amulet  
 Nor signs i'the stars, or things like that,  
 Or wondrous, truthful oracles  
 That anciently wrought miracles,  
 Were call'd in play or execution  
 To shape the dest'nies resolution ;  
 For the conclave cast these aside,  
 On one omen alone relied,  
 For this grand mob ascribed, 'tis said,  
 All their good luck to Dick's red head.

Now Dick arose in all his might,  
 His face ecstatic with delight,  
 He spoke in trem'lous, falt'ring voice  
 When he began to thank the boys.

"My fellow dimecrats and braves,  
 "I'm grateful to this grand conclave  
 "Who've honor'd me, though I expect this  
 "Is not for me as much as Texas,  
 "A State that hath been under ban  
 "But now most cosmopolitan.

“ For in its early days and struggles,  
“ Men, who were somewhat on the smuggle,  
“ Came from New York, Maine and New  
    England,  
“ From foreign lands, Jersey and England,  
“ From Illinois and Indiana,  
“ From Tennessee and Alabama ;  
“ In those days men came Texas’ way  
“ That now skip out for Canada.

“ Of these some fought at th’ Alamo,  
“ Some bled and died at San Jacinto  
“ And some at state craft took a hand,  
“ Thus helping much to free the land.

“ Some of these men came there because  
“ They’d been imposed on by the laws,  
“ In their old homes amongst their neighbors,  
“ Where they’d fallen into great disfavor ;  
“ Perhaps through great financial losses ;  
“ Or too promiscuous deals in “hosses” ;  
“ Or caused some folks to take offense,  
“ By killing men in self defense ;  
“ Or, as ’tis now the fad or fashion,  
“ To kill your man while crazed with passion.

“ But I suppose this honor’s given,  
“ Which exalts Texas to the heav’ns,

“ Because her dimecrats have tried  
“ (All laws of decency defied)  
“ To give the dimecratic party  
“ Each time an hundred thousand majority.”

While thus he lauded Texas heart'ly  
And deified the dim'crat party,  
To this sad fact he paid no heed,  
These dim'crats, one in five, can't read.

He said, “though we've been out of  
power,  
“ 'Neath Fed'ral bay'nets forced to cower,  
“ The fourth'f a cent'ry hath elaps'd  
“ Since we've had any gov'ment pap,  
“ Still we're to-day in our adherence,  
“ Devotion, zeal and great endurance,  
“ As much a party of aggression  
“ As when we tried to force secession ;  
“ For hope of spoils holds and cements us,  
“ Same's hair a dog's excrement does.

“ Most of the States are in our pow'r ;  
“ The House of Representatives is ours ;  
“ And but for treason, as you know,  
“ We'd have the Senate Chamber, too.”

Dick here referred to sixty-one,  
When open treason first begun.

That he should ever have talked thus  
About his pals, is rather tough.  
'Tis sad to see broth'r turn 'gainst broth'r,  
Or hear one trait'r accuse another.

“ We've had the Presidency, too,  
“ But were rob'd of it, as you know ;  
“ Our rights—perfidious act, I call it—  
“ Were stricken down at the ballot ;  
“ For 'twas indeed a crying shame  
“ To beat us thus at our own game.

“ For treason, corruption and perj'ry,  
“ For falsehood, bulldozing and bribery ;  
“ For counting out or counting in,  
“ We thought we had a dead sure thing ;  
“ And, feeling sure that we had got it,  
“ Set all our fondest hopes upon it ;  
“ But that commission—eight to sev'n—  
“ Laid us out cold ! O gracious Heaven !

“ But oh, the sin of that commission,  
“ May't consign it to deep perdition ;  
“ Steel'd were their hearts and consciences ;  
“ Broken were solemn promises ;  
“ With deep, dark, shameless treachery,  
“ Most ignominious perfidy,  
“ Defying thus both earth and Heav'n,  
“ Put in their man by eight to sev'n.

“ Thus robbers stole the Pres’dency,  
 “ Our country’s blackest page of hist’ry ;  
 “ That monstrous wrong we’re here to right ;  
 “ And ’gainst such foes send trusty knights ;  
 “ For we must overwhelm our foes ;  
 “ We greatly need reform, God knows.  
 “ The Government must be remodel’d,  
 “ So’s to prevent the use of boodle,  
 “ Which now’s collected in large sums  
 “ And used as a corruption fund.  
 “ When dim’crats have come into pow’r  
 “ These things, thank God, will be no more.”

O Dick ! your mod’sty is too great,  
 Your cause you nobly advocate ;  
 Such sublime cheek, such gall as that’s  
 Shown only by dev’ls and dimecrats.

Now as Dick ceased to toot his horn  
 The conclave shouted loud and long.  
 He said t’ himself, “ this, I expect, is  
 “ To my honor far more than Texas.”  
 Then off t’ his clans the giant strode,  
 Red-headed, honored, demi-god,

And when the bosses of the clans  
 Had chos’n a perm’nent chief, head man,  
 A red-nos’d Badger, William Vilas,  
 Came to the chair and there sat down as—

But when the Badger chief arose,  
The hosts all spied his carmine nose ;  
Its point to purple shaded off ;  
They shout, " Look out for a dark hoss ! "

The Badger wag'd long, sorry battle,  
'Gainst time and sense, though 'e said little ;  
He hop'd his war tocsin's weird strains  
Might strike th' key-note of th' campaign,  
As with old dim'crat axioms wise  
He launch'd drear platitudes of lies.

The conclave next built up a platform  
To stand the Saint, when chosen, upon ;  
Which, when 'twas done, and all complete,  
Was full of quirks and strange conceits ;  
And when the thing was put in place,  
Like Janus, it was found two-fac'd ;  
And spoke two ways from each of 'ts mouths,  
To East and West and North and South ;  
Like Delphian oracle, when done  
Each mouth had its own double tongue.

This platform made of flams and rant,  
Of twaddle and civil service cant,  
Show'd plainly to the naked eye  
'Twas naught but one tissue of lies.

The conclave next to business went,  
Now ready to pick out a Saint ;



And each man of his candidate  
 Could tell how wise he was and great :  
 Thus new men, and old worn-out hacks,  
 Could air their records from 'way back.

The names of Thurman, Bayard, McDon-  
 ald,  
 Of Carlisle, Hendricks and of Randall,  
 Were each presented by his backers,  
 And clap'd and cried up by his claquers.

But all these saints were too well known,  
 And might each have a mind of 'is own ;  
 They might not make good figure-heads,  
 And might not be so eas'ly led ;  
 Besides such candidates have shown  
 That they run best where they're least known.

Now 'mongst the wise men from the East,  
 Who come forth at their clans behests,  
 Same's those who sought the lowly Lamb,  
 Pursued the Star of Bethlehem ;  
 Was one, a valiant chief and great,  
 Dan Lockwood, who hail'd from York State.

When Dan arose and first 'gan speaking,  
 His hide and breath with bourbon reeking,  
 He first assured the throng that he  
 Felt great responsibility

In of'ring as a candidate,  
A gen'leman from the Empire State;  
One of th' elect without a taint,  
One of York State's pure patron saints.

And this great respons'bility,  
He felt the same whenever he  
Remember'd that the richest pages  
Of the world's hist'ry, in all ages,  
Were from the hist'ry of this nation,  
Records of dim'crat admin'istrations.

But here Dan's mem'ry became bad,  
No doubt from bourbon in his head,  
For of our history he said:

“In our polit'cal history  
“The only blot that I can see  
“Is that outrage on th' peoples' rights,  
“Deed darker than Egyptian night,  
“Which by Republicans was done  
“In seventy-six at Washington.  
“That great injustice still remains,  
“That vile outrage still unreveng'd.”

Those “richest pages” of our history,  
Here claim'd by Dan for Sham Democracy,  
Those chron'cles, that began and run  
From fifty-six to sixty-one,

Which culminated as we see  
 In dimecratic conspir'cy  
 During Buchanan's administration,  
 Which almost overthrew this nation.

O'er this "richness" Dan did not gloat,  
 It seem'd, about it, he'd forgot,  
 His mem'ry in a treach'rous fix  
 Forgot all else but sev'nty-six.  
 That and the useful bloody-shirt,  
 The only racket he could work,  
 These all the implements he had,  
 The Dimecrats' sole stock in trade.

But now this wise man from the East  
 Brac'd up to do his level best ;  
 When he began to tell the clans  
 About his huge and pond'rous friend,  
 Who'd grown of late so wondrous great,  
 Saint Stephen, of Buffalo, York State.

For Dan grew eloquent when he  
 Gave his and Stephen's pedigrees ;  
 How they both sought polit'cal truth,  
 Associates from their early youth ;  
 When side by side they studied Jackson,  
 And the great principles of Jeff'son ;  
 Each loved the other like a brother,  
 For years they'd drank their grog together ;

And as a true-blue dimecrat,  
The Saint was sound, he'd vouch for that.

He said: "New men from North and  
South,

"New in affairs, are coming forth

"And Stephens' blood is young and thrifty,

"Though he is now not more than fifty.

"No man respects those honor'd names

"More than myself—all known to fame—

"That's been before this conclave sent

"As candidates for patron saint.

"But, gentlemen, the world is moving

"And we must march on, keep improving.

"This world is moving rapidly,

"No matter what the Jaspers say,

"And we must cease to be the vassals

"Of all old barnacles and fossils,

"And to'rd the front, make all our tracks,

"Not Chin'men always looking back.

"My candidate hath youthful dash,

"Though not too callow nor too fresh ;

"And his verac'ity stands so high

"He can, but will not, tell a lie ;

"A dimecrat we can depend on,

"As honest as a wooden Indian ;

“But if their knowledge we compare,  
“The Indian would be found nowhere.

“His long political career  
“Hath extended o’er more’n three years,  
“Which don’t include the merest sketch  
“Of him as Sheriff or Jack Ketch.  
“I shall not eulogize him here,  
“Or tell more about his great career,  
“For all know him by his record,  
“And seem to agree with one accord  
“That Steph’n, of Buffalo, York State,  
“Should be set up’s our patron saint.”

He ceased—his face with bourbon fired—  
Muttering, the solemn chief retired,  
“If for Saint Stephen I’ve not won it,  
“As for my duty I have done it.”

The throng burst forth in wild applause,  
All Gotham boom’d Saint Stephen’s cause,  
While Carter Har’son, cock’f-the-walk,  
Stood up and made his little talk,  
Showing Saint Stephen great devotion,  
He sec’nded Brother Lockwood’s motion.

Now when the balloting began,  
Each trainer had coach’d well his man,  
His seconds, bottleholders an’ backers,  
Yelpers, screamers, clappers and claquers,

Stood ready at the slightest omen  
To turn loose grand old pandemonium,  
And screech and scream all they were able,  
Make this a bedlam worse than Babel.

Now all the throng became excited,  
As chiefs of clans stood up and voted,  
And the excitement grew intense  
As the craz'd mob all yell'd at once.  
To check the mob's keen wild delusions,  
Bring order out of such confusion ;  
Was all the Badger man could do,  
And seem'd at times to be more, too.

This done, the balloting went on ;  
Still Stephen was the favor'd son,  
For one vote came from Alabama  
And thirty more from Indiana,  
While six votes were transfer'd by Kansas,  
And fifteen more were chang'd by Texas ;  
While Georgia now sent fourteen in,  
Missouri changed her seventeen ;  
Six more then came from Colorado,  
And twenty-three from old Ohio,  
With twenty-two from North Carolina,  
And thirty-sev'n from Pennsylvania.

Thus things seem'd to go all one way,  
While bedlam worse confus'd held sway,

Till Menzis, amid all the fuss,  
Moved to make it unanimous.  
Then pandemonium broke loose,  
And all the throng seem'd worse confus'd,  
Threw up their hats and wav'd their fans  
And yell'd and howl'd and clap'd their hands,  
And stamp'd their feet, wav'd their umbrells,  
And shriek'd like all the fiends of hell,  
Till they, it seem'd from these mad revels,  
To make a Saint must raise the devil.

## ST. STEPHEN II.

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### CANTO V.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

A faithful history's here given  
Of Deacon No. 2, Saint Stephen;  
With his nativity and birth,  
Or his debut upon the earth;  
And how he rustled along through it,  
And became great before he knew it;  
How he improved as he grew older,  
As great a statesman as a soldier.  
Great lesson still his life contains:  
Shows fat may take the place of brains.

In Caldwell, a New Jersey town,  
Where Jersey mud doth much abound,  
March eighteenth, eighteen thirty-seven,  
This Saint first saw the light of heav'n;  
Though here in March the mud's most  
vicious,

The stars above seemed most propitious.  
For now astrologers can tell  
What 'mongst the heav'nly orbs befell  
All through that day, from early morn  
Till night, on which the Saint was born.



Same as those great geologists  
 Can tell all 'bout the rocks and schists,  
 On surface or that deeper lay ;  
 Where Earth hath stor'd her gold away,  
 Describing all formations 'round it—  
 After some prospector hath found it.  
 His horoscope's auspicious plan  
 Was fine as e'er vouchsafe to man,  
 As int' the world he was emerging,  
 The sun stood in the sign 'f the Virgin ;  
 Which, astrolog'cally, explained  
 Why he a bach'lor long remain'd.  
 Merc'ry and Venus too looked on,  
 Their friendly eyes now brightly shone ;  
 The god of orators and leaders  
 Made him "speak like a cyclopedia."<sup>1</sup>  
 Like Merc'ry, too, the Saint aspires  
 To be the god of thieves and liars ;  
 And o'er our merchants, too, presiding,  
 He'd give them ben'fits of free trading.  
 Venus his ardor did inspire,  
 And thought he'd fallen in love with Maria ;

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<sup>1</sup> During the President's swing around the circle in 1887 his inspiration might have come from the source above indicated instead of Johnston's Cyclopedia, as claimed by some of the newspapers.

But soon's his flame began abating,  
She found, like Mars, he'd been coquetting.  
And not indif'rent stood great Mars,  
Presiding o'er statesmen and wars ;  
Who filled the Saint with holy ire,  
With patriotic zeal and fire,  
Which made him swell up when the nation  
Was threaten'd by wicked secession,  
And rush forth to his country's aid,  
Not of alarms nor wars afraid.  
And he, first chosen, as all know,  
In that first draft at Buffalo,  
Dash'd forth to arms a new recruit,  
And hired a felon substitute.  
Mars, too, fill'd him with statesmanship,  
Though none hath ever 'scaped his lips.  
Still he's no doubt a very great man,  
As much a soldier as a statesman.  
These good aspects, there is no doubt,  
All of which were of late found out  
By Herman Dieck,<sup>1</sup> a Rosicrucian,  
Explain the dest'ny's resolution ;  
For 'tis not fat, as hath been said,  
Nor pond'rous hulk, nor beefy head,

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<sup>1</sup> Herman Dieck, "of the Philadelphia *Democrat*, the distinguished and popular writer," author of *The Campaign Life of Cleveland and Hendricks*, 1884.

That hath controll'd all his affairs,  
 But for his luck may thank his stars.  
 But while the stars were truly gracious,  
 And all their omens most auspicious,  
 That his was no mere common birth,  
 Was prov'n by some events on earth ;  
 For on that great day, March eighteenth,  
 Occur'd some wondrous strange events.  
 Amongst these are some we shall mention,  
 Which here should have our special 'tention.  
 The first of these was 'bout his birth,  
 When he'd make his debut on earth ;  
 Here, just to let the people see  
 How independent he could be,  
 And show them by this little strife  
 How grand he'd be in after life,  
 He postpon'd dates for one whole day,  
 Would not (so had it his own way)  
 Be born on old St. Patrick's day ;  
 Would not thus honor that old saint,  
 Of th' great Romish Church militant.  
 When born and swaddled in his gown,  
 At once began to look around ;  
 And though occasi'nally he'd squawk,  
 Would neither grin, nor laugh, nor talk ;  
 And during the first year 'f life,

His bowels sometimes yearn'd with strife  
From stomach-ache sharp as a knife ;  
Though not inclined his food to filch,  
He would not work except to milk.  
One said : " He'd make, this lovely boy,  
" Fine Governor for ' Illenoy,'  
" For at this work he'd never tucker,  
" He's such a true-born, nat'ral sucker."

But on that great day, March eighteenth,  
Occur'd some other strange events :  
A man down on the Texas border,  
" A regulator " of law and order,  
Was hard press'd digging for a woodchuck,  
His anxious ardor promised good luck ;  
He show'd great zeal in what he done,  
For they were out of meat at home.  
While delving hard he came down plump  
Upon a bad-breath'd nest of skunks ;  
As for fresh air he raised his head,  
" Dod-drat the stinking luck," he said.

Down in the swamps of " Arkansaw"  
There liv'd a bloody, bold outlaw ;  
That night he saw a horrid phantom,  
A Will-o'-the-Wisp or Jack-o'-Lantern ;  
As it blazed up, would burn or shoot,  
It " skeered " him nearly out 'f his boots ;

Next day he quit his wicked work,  
Became a Sam Jones in the Church.

To tell of all the strange events  
That happen'd on that March eighteenth,  
Of earthquakes, storms and battles wag'd,  
Of those that wed or were engag'd,  
Of visions men saw everywhere,  
Of horrid dreams and weird nightmares ;  
How Joe Smith got a vis'n from Heav'n,  
From earth a coat of tar and feathers ;  
How angels born to earth were giv'n,  
And people dying went to Heav'n,  
Would make a book of vast dimensions,  
Of facts too numerous to mention.

From infancy to adolescence  
The Saint learned many useful lessons ;  
For he was not a wicked boy,  
And always play'd with harmless toys ;  
He said his prayers by strictest rules,  
And always went to Sunday-school ;  
Although sometimes he would turn loose,  
And 'mongst the hoodlums raise the deuce ;  
Though wicked things sometimes were done,  
Boys will be boys, and he lov'd fun.  
Thus when with bad comp'ny he fell in,  
Might hook an apple or a " melin,"

Or in the darkness, when not seen,  
Might steal a game on Hallow-E'en.  
In youth he played athletic games,  
Though base-ball then was not the same  
As now, nor was there 'mongst the wrestlers  
Either amateur or profes'nals.  
He played mumble-the-peg and jacks,  
And sometimes chuck-a-luck and craps,  
And euchre with the little joker,  
Ten cents a corner, or draw poker.  
This was not quite the thing, 'tis true,  
for the making of a saint to do,  
But 'twas part of his education,  
And help'd befit him for high station;  
'Tis vast importance to the state,  
Since he hath now become so great.  
A dimecratic President  
Without these great accomplishments,  
Who couldn't play at craps and draw,  
Drink beer and whisky, smoke and chaw,  
Would be a great reproach and shame  
To e'en the dimecratic name;  
Such flagrant breach of etiquette  
The bourbon throne would soon upset;  
The "hungry," e'en, would take offense,  
Leave him without constituents.

Next, during early adolescence,  
The Saint took up more advanced lessons,  
And all the arduous labors bore  
As top clerk of a country store.  
His duties here were often shared,  
Holding down counters, boxes, chairs,  
By boors who told old stories coarse,  
Their trowsers, leather re-enforc'd,  
And who could set and set again,  
Out set the oldest setting hen.  
His next great struggle was, we find,  
As underteacher of the blind,  
Which his historian doth confess,  
Was not a brilliant, grand success.  
(To Herman Dieck we here refer,  
That learn'd veracious chronicler.)  
He lack'd those elements of mind  
That make good teachers of the blind ;  
But in these latter years he finds  
'Twas business of the simplest kind ;  
Though all the blind were lunatics,  
Up to all kinds of dev'lish tricks,  
To manage them were slightest labor  
Compar'd with these old bourbon staggers,  
'Twere easy job compar'd to that  
Of leading blind hordes of dimecrats.

Our hero's next heroic battle,  
Wrestling with law and short-horn'd cattle,  
Began at Buffalo, York State,  
Sometime before th' year fifty-eight,  
For Dieck, in's hist'ry of that battle,  
Dwells less on dates and more on cattle,  
Tries to surround with mystery,  
Each trif'ling fact of history ;  
By magnifying small events,  
Gives them great airs of consequence.  
And thus he leaves th' inqu'ring mind,  
Dates somewhat diff'cult to find,  
'Bout when the Saint began the strife  
Of this important part 'f his life ;  
How he divided up his time  
'Twixt Blackstone and the short-horn'd kine ;  
Or which deriv'd the greatest gain,  
The pettifogger or the swain.  
The herd-book was a grand success,  
There's room for little doubt 'bout this,  
It gave the ped'grees, told how fine  
Was each one of the short-horn'd kine,  
And soon's it 'tracted some attention,  
His uncle gave him special mention ;  
Plac'd the youth's name on the first page  
In that herd-book of high beef grades.



But in the law there is some doubt  
'Bout how our hero did come out ;  
Though Dieck informs us he was able  
To keep his will indomitable  
'Mongst briefs, demurrers, answers, pleas,  
Actions in tort and garnishees ;  
That twelve years hard he'd labor'd with,  
Drop'd all to become high sheriff.  
He was no doubt a clever bailiff,  
Or Jack Ketch, while he was High Sheriff ;  
There can be little doubt 'bout that,  
Because he hung two dimecrats.  
When first made May'r of Buffalo,  
Just how it happ'n'd he did not know,  
But when made Gov'nor of the State,  
He felt quite sure he must be great ;  
With this solution was content  
'Till next he was made patron saint ;  
And now, besides being a great man  
He must be also a wise statesman,  
At once began to cast about  
How under heav'ns folks found it out.  
But when he saw his hist'ry writ  
In high-flown style by Herman Dieck,  
And when he'd heard the panegyrics  
Of orators and campaign lyrics ;

Heard Mugwump tell and Pharisee  
How much he was above his party,  
Though heavy headed, he could see  
How great a saint he sure must be.  
This seem'd to please him passing well,  
For soon his head began to swell ;  
Still this did not his brain effect,  
Though 's head became large as his neck ;  
His frame immense, though built like that,  
From adipose and other fat.  
But here the hist'ry seem'd in doubt  
Whether he was more wise than stout,  
Because his head and stolid brain  
Outweighed his neck not half a grain.  
This problem soon received solution,  
From other cunning Rosicrucian,<sup>1</sup>  
Who put the Saint up in new guise ;  
Said he was fat'r than he was wise.  
Just how this sage first went about  
To reason this tough problem out,  
From facts he'd learn'd and what he knew,  
'Twas not an easy thing to do.  
Some thought the Saint must be a sphynx,  
While others knew not what to think ;

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<sup>1</sup> One of the editors of the New York *Herald*.

But all agreed, though justly famed,  
He was not overstock'd with brains.

Some thought he was a stupid ghoul,  
Like some dull brute that feeds on grass,  
Who with the grav'ty of an owl  
Combin'd the genius of an ass.

Some thought 'twas wisdom made him  
great,  
And some being Gov'nor of York State ;  
Some thought it was his zeal and pluck  
That brought him all his marv'lous luck ;  
Some thought he was Divinely sent  
To be the boodlers' President ;  
While others swore this was not so,  
His fame and greatness, they could show,  
Came not through 's wisdom, zeal nor pluck,  
But was clear case of a fool for luck :  
And to make Mayors or High Sheriffs  
Did not require the highest merit,  
And Governors or Presidents  
Have not always the best of sense.  
And so, to settle this debate,  
And th' situation clearly state,  
This cunning wiseacre, to the Nation  
Sent forth this profound explanation :

“How sixty millions of good people  
“To keep the peace have been equal,  
“And how they all have been controll’d  
“By a Buf’lo Mayor can be told  
“By first green grocer you may meet,  
“Or butcher, on a Buf’lo street.  
“The secret they can eas’ly tell,  
“And if they won’t, perhaps we will—  
“It is fat. Fat as Mayor told;  
“Fat told as Gov’nor, and controll’d,  
“And since he to the White House went  
“Fat too hath told as President.”<sup>1</sup>

So here is made out a true bill,  
And all contained in a nutshell,  
By a bohemian Rosicrucian,  
Of brilliant thought and execution;  
Who hath discovered in an hour  
The source of this great ruler’s power;

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<sup>1</sup> The sixty millions of American people have been amazed up to the present moment, at the mature direction and influence of Mr. Cleveland. How these sixty millions of people have been controlled by a Buffalo Mayor may be explained by asking the question of the first butcher or green grocer to be met in the City of Buffalo. And perhaps he will tell the secret. And for that matter, perhaps we, who are entirely disinterested, may give it. It is fat. Fat told as Mayor, fat told as Governor, and fat tells as President.—*Editorial New York Herald.*

For here is clearly given, we find,  
 The true seat of this great man's mind.  
 This too explains how 'e rules with ease,  
 And all the boodlers seems to please ;  
 For when he mounts the throne 'f affairs  
 He planks his brains down in the chair ;  
 Or, rather, it should be said that  
 The chair is loaded down with fat.  
 Thus doth the Saint present us here  
 A ruler with a huge career,  
 Whose power comes not from his brains,  
 Nor yet from what his chest contains ;  
 Nor from sheer luck, as some folks say,  
 Nor his abdominal viscera ;  
 From none of these, nor this, nor that,  
 But all depends upon his fat.

But this good, pure saint, after all,  
 Proved to be just no saint at all ;  
 Not like Joseph, of spotless life,  
 Who left his coat with Pot'phar's wife ;  
 His disregard of William's wisdom,  
 " Sam'vel, my son, bevare of vidders,"  
 Hath caused him pain and bitter tears,  
 So Beecher says, for many years.  
 What mighty ills hath woman done  
 Since Eve's career was first begun ;

Adam was sinless till his wife  
Seduced him into unbelief;  
And Helen's gentle love and passion  
Ran Paris mad, laid Troy in ashes;  
And Cleopatra, witching girl,  
Lost great Mark Antony the world;  
And Henry Ward's Elizabeth  
Soon proved she was bad as the rest;  
Lamb-like her pastor, all-confiding,  
She taught him myst'ries of "nest-hiding";  
And Henry says, O sad to know,  
"I sounded all the depths of sorrow."  
And great Saint Stephen's girl Maria,  
So full of love and wrong desire,  
Used all the wiles of her bad nature,  
Seduc'd this callow, youthful creature;  
And at the tender age of forty  
Held pure Adonis at her mercy;  
And was to him all but a wife,  
Tried hard to blast his sweet young life.  
Ye gods! with such crimes on its face  
How dare this earth wheel on through space,  
Where some dead orb of rocks and cinders  
Might knock our planet into flinders?  
These women tempted these poor men,  
And led them into ways of sin;

For men are never thus inclined—  
Unless they chance to have the mind,  
And opportun'ty doth present  
For them to commit such offense.

## ST. STEPHEN II.

### CANTO VI.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

The hosts that were by Old Nick led,  
With th' Buf'lo Saint's a figure-head,  
Will find their equipage here shown,  
Their Boss's armor same 's their own;  
Their bourbon and their other prog,  
With all their traps and battle tog;  
With their arms and Nick's ammunition;  
All duly mentioned in position,  
As trig'd out in reform disguise  
They boom'd that last campaign of lies.

In these last days, strange times indeed,  
When in men's minds queer fancies breed;  
When each old dogma, creed or faith,  
Is not believed in more than half;  
When shepherds' high-toned and rich flocks  
Are heretics more than orthodox;  
When the old Bible, sacred truth,  
Man's only guide in age or youth,  
Is by convocations mangled  
To make up versions all new-fangled,  
Which take away all consolation  
In wicked men's sure condemnation,



And leave almost no hope at all,  
 Of hades or even a sheol :  
 When traitors steep'd in vilest sin,  
 Reeking with blood of thousands slain  
 In wicked war as e'er was waged  
 By devils 'gainst the laws of God,  
 Loud prate that they without disguise  
 Have been true patriots all their lives :  
 When murd'rous thieves usurp men's rights,  
 And fierce, dark bandits of the night  
 Rob and lay waste defenseless homes,  
 Then boast of valor they have shown ;  
 That murder peaceful citizens  
 For claiming their rights as freemen :  
 They'd close forever Freedom's mouth,  
 These Ku Klux of the Solid South :  
 When the rif-raff of Northern slums  
 The country's rulers have become,  
 Through frauds and thefts that are e'en worse  
 Than those of Ku Klux done by force ;  
 Who would destroy freedom's bulwarks,  
 And prostitute the ballot-box ;  
 Place in high trusts their pliant tools,  
 Try to make statesmen out of fools.

When thus the times are out of joint,  
 This moral these facts clearly point :

That the Old Nick roams o'er the land  
With much dark business on his hands ;  
Eggs on his minions in their work  
And fires the dimecratic heart.

But to resume our theme once more :  
The grand campaign of eighty-four,  
When first the Deil, a huge reformer,  
Turn'd loose his grand Salvation Army,  
Each horde and clan, equipp'd and willing  
To do their wily master's bidding.  
Fantastic trappings deck'd these hosts,  
While lurid banners waved aloft ;  
And as the train came jogging on,  
Show'd up the traps of all the throng,  
Their quaint old duds, armor and arms,  
All their munitions and weird charms ;  
Such cute devices for the work  
To which their master sent them forth.

#### THEIR TOGS OR GARB.

Their garb, worn by both age and youth,  
Was same as that once stolen from Truth ;  
In this old toga each took pride,  
For 't gave Falsehood a good outside.

#### THEIR ARMOR.

Their armor ancient—queer old make,  
Both as to stuff and as t' its shape—

Was first by Satan worn, 'tis said,  
 When he on Eden made his raid ;  
 And 'neath the serpent's vile disguise  
 Conceal'd th' whole panoply of lies.  
 Here while he worked his cunning plans  
 To overthrow the new-made man ;  
 And gave the lie to God's own word,  
 Made first stump speech 'twas ever heard,  
 And boldly advocating 'is cause,  
 Cried, " Down with sumptuary laws !"  
 First organiz'd and duly started  
 The orig'nal dimecratic party ;  
 The murd'rer Cain was his first chairman,  
 The same as now is Sev'n Mule Barnum.

But when their armor forth we bring,  
 We find that 'tis the same old thing ;  
 The same old dud, the same disguise,  
 The same old panoply of lies.  
 To cover breast, neck, head and face,  
 The'd helmet, gorget and cuirass ;  
 For shoulder pauldrons, arms rere-braces ;  
 Elbows condese, forearms vambraces ;  
 With belts, tuillets and skirts of taces ;  
 To cover paunch same's other places :  
 And for their thighs, knees, legs and feet,  
 Cuisses, genouilleres, jambes, sollerets ;

Each part close fitting in its place,  
Made the whole seem one solid case.

Thus arm'd from top to toe complete,  
Though not with chain mail nor steel plate ;  
Nor with buff jerkins lightly mail'd,  
By overlapping rings or scales ;  
Nor yet thick bulls hide, shap'd to fit ;  
Each part as we've `bove mention'd it.

But while their armor we behold,  
Complete as warriors of old,  
For each important part we see  
That arm'd Achilles cap-a-pie  
And Goliath and Hector bold,  
And Nick when he through Eden stroll'd,  
Still of its stuff and how 'twas made,  
Here something further may be said.

Its composition, warp and woof,  
Was hom'genus, which means same stuff ;  
Though known by many different names,  
Its substance always was the same ;  
For names do never change the state  
Of things they're used to designate ;  
Just as 'tis said the fragrant rose  
By any name would please the nose ;  
Or change mephitis to sweet scent,  
'Twont make that varmint redolent.

And so this stuff, a fact we'll mention,  
 Since 'twas the Deil's first grand invention,  
 For his great work was first begun  
 Some time not far from the year of one ;  
 And all the ages pass'd since then,  
 And all the changes it hath seen,  
 And all the names that've fall'n to it,  
 Hath changed its nature not a whit.

But this queer stuff ethereal,  
 May take on forms material,  
 And by the laws of its creation ;  
 Effect all sorts of transformations ;  
 Like spirits that sometimes arise  
 In phantom forms before mens' eyes ;  
 Who see a white-robed ghost turn'd loose,  
 Soon transform'd into'n old white goose ;  
 Or like pure oxygen, unseen,  
 Till it unites with hydrogen,  
 When in grand streams it onward flows,  
 Or in tears trickles down your nose ;  
 Or as, 'tis said, in Arctic air,  
 Words freeze and remain silent there,  
 Until by thermal zephyrs stirred  
 And thaw'd out, may be plainly heard.

When to his task the Deil came forth,  
 With cunning plans and vile resource,

To make an armor of this stuff,  
'Twould deal truth's shaft a sure rebuff;  
His work began by spinning yarns,  
Yarns full of guile and magic charm;  
Yarns spun without the aid of any  
Distaff, or mule, or spinning-jenny;  
And with these yarns a warp beginning,  
Next made a weft of more yarn spinning.

A fabrication thus begun,  
To thread and thram he added on  
Warp'd yarns on yarns and yarns on threads;  
Same's wily spiders weave their webs.  
Then were these webs together laid,  
Till they a sev'n-fold fabric made;  
And 'twixt these folds were padded in  
Tissues of falsehood, shams and covin;  
With shafts of slander and cal'mny,  
Fabrics of cant and flim-flamry.  
These quilted in gave form and face  
To each part, so 'twould fit in place.

Thus was each piece of armor made,  
And stuff'd and quilted as we've said,  
And stitch'd and tissued through and  
through,  
With brazen yarns of golden hues;

Till from this labyrinth of yarns,  
 A tough, thick fabric had been form'd  
 Of webs sev'n fold, and 'twixt these stuff'd  
 Stuff that gave form and stiff'ning 'nuff;  
 Till neither imp, nor full-grown devil,  
 Could thread its mazes or unravel.

Next blazoned on each piece were fix'd  
 Figures or emblems heraldic;  
 Which light or dark hues could evoke,  
 Like chameleon or k'leidoscope;  
 Or like the rainbow's magic shades,  
 Deluding, charming as it fades;  
 These could beguile the human sight  
 Till white seem'd black and black seem'd  
     white.

And now to fit each piece in place,  
 So they'd the heroes form incase;  
 And shield him from the keenest shafts  
 Of Heav'n-born truth hurl'd thick and fast;  
 This next was done with other yarns,  
 That held the parts together firm;  
 And when each piece was fit in place,  
 The whole seem'd like a solid case.  
 Its shapeliness could now be seen,  
 As blazoned on its guileful sheen,

With sightless seams and well-wrought  
borders,

And edges scollop'd and embroidered,  
Each emblematic figure shone,  
Like those on tabard or jupon.

These figures were of dif'rent kinds,  
Some plac'd in front and some behind ;  
Thus typifying from these places  
The wearer's virtues and his graces.

His crest upbore a pearl-white dove,  
Emblem of purity and love,  
And 'round his helmet's band, a wreath  
Of laurel symbolized sweet peace ;  
And on his helmet's azure crown,  
Beneath the dove, extending 'round,  
In numbers infinite, were seen  
Small brilliants 'gainst an azure sheen,  
Like fairy beads of lustrous rays,  
Or stars along the milky way ;  
Which all combined bright rays to shed,  
That form'd a nimbus round his head.

But when observ'd with close attention,  
These prov'd to be his last invention,  
A part of Old Nick's cunning plan  
To interest the new-made man .



For these were gnats, the flea and fly,  
Ticks, jiggers and pediculi,  
Mosquitoes, ants, worms, like the asp ;  
The scorpion, spider and the wasp ;  
With bed bugs, diptera and beetles,  
And other bugs that torment people ;  
All boss'd and tissu'd in a way  
That gave their argent colors play,  
Like silver midges in the sun,  
Dancing o'er pools whence they were born.

These typified his love of earth :  
How at his beck they all come forth,  
Thus proving there should be no strife  
Amongst earth's myriad forms of life ;  
That all should live in peace together,  
Not war nor prey upon each other.

Thus he declared the earth was good,  
Fit place for man's lasting abode ;  
But 'neath this subterfuge 'twas seen  
He'd turn his vermin loose on man ;  
While peace and love ran in his mind,  
He'd make it lively for mankind.

His gorget covering well his neck,  
Came down on shoulders, chest and back,  
While round this, coming from behind,  
A floral wreath his neck entwined,

And on the front of his neck-gear  
Was placed a brooch, same 's ladies wear.

This plaque was shaped somewhat oblong,  
Three fingers' breadth, four fingers long,  
And deftly blazoned with no hues  
But those heralds are 'low'd to use,  
Purpures, verts, sables, azures, gules,  
All blended by the strictest rules,  
A picture formed of matchless grace,  
One figure, that a cherub's face.  
Emblems sublime, chaste pure and good!  
Well chosen to adorn the gods;  
For floral wreaths are things sublime,  
And cherubs' faces forms divine;  
Both fit great Zeus to adorn,  
God of white sunlight and of storms.

But here his guile was soon made known,  
These were but shams, and all his own;  
And as in all deceitful schemes  
Things never are just what they seem,  
So here, these emblems were arranged,  
By magic to be quickly changed;  
From things sublime, pure and celestial,  
To those most grim of all terrestrial.

And, like the fickle Jack-a-Lantern,  
These emblems were but subtle phantom,

Which, changing now to darker shades,  
 True apparitions were displayed :  
 For he'd arranged by some weird skill  
 These figures to transform at will ;  
 Like illum'd pictures that are made  
 By magic lanterns' fickle shades ;  
 Where forms angelic fade apace,  
 While hideous monsters take their place.

So he could change the pleasing hues  
 Of wreath or picture as he chose ;  
 For from the plaque now somber shone  
 A grim death's head and two cross'd bones :  
 The floral garland, too, transform'd  
 By darkening shades to other forms ;  
 Like twisted withes were ven'mous kinds  
 Of serpents round his neck entwined.

Thus quick as thought these emblems seem  
 Changed to wierd signs of hideous mien :  
 And quick as thought, transform'd were these  
 Back to the cherub and the wreath :  
 Same as the artful thimble-rigger,  
 Conceals or shows his nimble jigger :  
 These Old Nick changed as was his wont,  
 And now you see it, and now you don't.

Thus the bright cherub and the wreath,  
Emblems of earthly joy and peace,  
Concealed his scheme as he went forth  
With crafty guile to rule the earth ;  
But when revealed was his true plan  
To blight the earth and ruin man,  
Changed were the cherub and the wreath  
To signs of guile and mortal death.

On the broad front of his cuirass,  
In fine art of the highest class,  
Was blaz'd a scene life-like and chaste,  
*Tableau vivant*, of matchless grace,  
Extending from his gorget down  
To where his cetus pass'd around,  
Four palms the picture's greatest length,  
While three palms' breadth was its extent.  
The frame or border of the piece,  
Light arabesque, in low relief,  
With figures quaint, that seem'd historic  
And some fantastic, allegoric ;  
But all were Old Nick's own inventions,  
And quite too num'rous here to mention.

A landscape grand now met the view,  
Prospect sublime, to nature true :  
Of mountains, valleys, hills and dales,  
Of em'rald meads and shady vales,

Of placid lakes and winding streams,  
 Of deep dark woods and dewy glens,  
 Of shrubs and flowers most profuse,  
 Of flowering groves in gorgeous hues,  
 Of cascades grand and fountains cool,  
 Of limpid brooks and crystal pools ;  
 All blent in one enchanting scene,  
 That charm'd the eyes of gods and men.

Thus was this picture true to nature,  
 Not overdrawn, but made to flatter,  
 Not nature, but poor human kind  
 Whom pleasing show oft makes purblind.  
 Thus Nick with flat'ry blinds men's eyes,  
 Conceals his schemes and his true guise.  
 But this description which we make here,  
 Is not from th' picture but from nature.

Far in the distance, cap'd with snows,  
 Old rock-rib'd mountains grandly rose ;  
 Whose rugged sides of sharp accent  
 Show'd rocky scarps and battlements,  
 And castles, whose uplifted walls  
 And lofty towers over all  
 Had stood defiant 'gainst the storms  
 And boreal blasts since light's first dawn.

Up these old peaks the Cembran pine  
Had crept aloft to timber line,  
Cov'ring their steeps with somber green,  
'Bove which grim rocks and snows were seen.  
And 'round their feet rose steep foot-hills,  
Deep gorged by cataracts and rills ;  
Thick grown with cedar, fir and palm,  
Dark wooded terraces were formed,  
As ranks ascend shade above shade,  
A sylvan theater displayed.

Close 'neath these hills a sparkling tide  
Came from the landscape's dexter side,  
A river pure, of rip'ling sheens,  
Made up from scores of mountain streams,  
Which swept around in crescent form,  
Swift, restless current, hastening on  
O'er brilliant sands and pebbles white,  
A silver crescent at their feet ;  
Almost across the landscape came  
This bow or crescent of the stream,  
Then changed its course to 'rd the champaign,  
Ran devious through a lovely glen.

And 'round this crescent 'gainst the hills  
Rose steep riprap and granite walls ;  
As cities walled in skillful way  
Guard 'gainst marauders, night and day,

These stern old ramparts stood between  
 The tow'ring hills and treach'rous stream,  
 Which unrestrain'd would sap their base  
 And wreck them to a shapeless mass.

Forth through a glade that cleft the hills  
 A torrent from the mountain falls,  
 Lashed into spray and mad'ning foam,  
 O'er rocks and rapids dashed along :  
 A precipice leaps in its rage,  
 And forms a brilliant, grand cascade.  
 These angry waters here find rest,  
 Hid in a pure lake's placid breast,  
 Which 'gainst the hillside, large, profound,  
 Lies girt by granite walls around :  
 'Mongst em'rald groves, a charming scene,  
 This sparkling lake hangs like a gem,  
 Or like a mirror festoon'd round  
 With ferns and myrtle, richly crown'd.

Its banks replete, the overflow  
 Launch forth to join the tide below :  
 O'er smooth rock beds now gliding on,  
 Now leaping, dashing 'gainst huge stones,  
 While other torrents join the chase,  
 Increase the din, augment the race,  
 Help break the river's granite walls,  
 O'er which the torrent grandly falls ;

Sweeping this barrier from its track,  
Leaps down a boist'rous cataract.

Thus in sharp contrasts, vary'ing shades,  
The back-ground of this scene was laid,  
As tow'ring to'rd a cloud-rift sky  
Rose hills on hills and mountains high ;  
Now lofty peaks dense mists enshroud,  
Now 'round their sides hang fleecy clouds ;  
While here the sun shines bright as noon,  
There low'rs a storm-cloud's deepest gloom :  
Still, changeful as are these wild scenes,  
And striking as their contrasts seem,  
More striking still the contrasts show  
'Twixt these and vernal vales below.

Far down beneath perpetual snow,  
And wintry gales that ever blow,  
'Neath where the white owl and white quail,  
In rig'rous homes delight to dwell ;  
'Neath lofty crags and rocky crests,  
Where golden eagles build their nests ;  
'Neath rugged steepes, where sighing pines  
Bemoan the ever restless winds,  
Here hills receding on each side  
Present a valley rich and wide.

And here the undulating plain,  
Cours'd by a diverse wandering glen,



Fringed with sweet groves of rarest trees,  
 Which 'long its devious course we see ;  
 As forth through these the river gleams,  
 Its brilliant course is plainly seen.  
 This valley now extending wide,  
 By mountains wall'd on either side,  
 To all delights of sense exposed,  
 Nature's vast wealth at once arose.

And on each side, 'mongst sloping hills,  
 Ran pure, cool brooks and babbling rills,  
 Which from the rugged mountains roll'd  
 O'er sands of orient pearls and gold ;  
 Ran devious under pendent shades,  
 Whence cool, umbrageous grotts were made ;  
 Dispers'd in lakes or placid pools,  
 Or dash'd o'er brilliant waterfalls.  
 And groves whose trees of odorous gums,  
 And grateful, aromatic balms,  
 Mingle sweet scent with fragrant flowers,  
 Of brilliant hues 'mongst leafy bowers.

And other groves of luscious fruits,  
 Of rarest kinds and varied hues,  
 Between which meads and level downs  
 Are interspersed like flow'ry lawns.  
 Here flow'rs 'f all hues, and which had not  
 Been sown in beds or ranged in plots,

But which most bounteous Nature's reign  
Spread out on hill and dale and plain.

Thus here glens, groves and flow'ry vales,  
Hillocks and downs and shady dales,  
And glades whence murm'ring fountains flow,  
Charm'd fields, Hesperian, met the view;  
Here 'mongst the vernal fields and plains,  
Ethereal mildness ever reigns:  
And here, too, universal Pan,  
Joyous, leads on the eternal spring.

Now, as by magic, in mid-air,  
A vast angelic choir appear'd;  
Empyreal hosts, vast caravan,  
Their harps attuned, the welkin rang,  
As the whole chorus sweetly sang:  
Hail, peace on earth, good will to men.  
This grand tableau was thus displayed  
In Satan's first and grandest raid,  
And typified his reign of peace,  
While he remained god of the earth.  
Of late in his last grand campaign  
He trot'd the tableau out again,  
Which will typ'fy, if it shall come,  
The dimecratic millenium.

The other figures that were fixed,  
As signs or emblems heraldic,

Were scatter'd round somewhat profuse,  
 And more for ornament than use.  
 These may be found fully explain'd  
 In old books, where you'll find their names ;  
 Books writ by old cranks in theology,  
 Or other cranks, on demonology.  
 Thus Nick went forth in dev'lish guise,  
 Arm'd with the whole panoply of lies ;  
 And all his pals in this campaign  
 Were arm'd just like him, every man,  
 Except the dove on helmet's top  
 Had been replaced by dunghill cock.

#### THEIR ARMS.

Their arms by Nature were supplied,  
 Glib wag'd in big mouths, open wide,  
 And like a bell with a spring clapper,  
 Keep up an everlasting clatter ;  
 And faster than a Gatling gun  
 Could fire their lies out one by one,  
 And shove a lie for all 'twas in it,  
 Fire and rep't, sixty times a minute.  
 Besides this, they could all throw in  
 Huge flams of jawbone and chin chin.  
 Thus arm'd like Samson of old times,  
 Who with jawbone slew Philistines :

But while he wag'd the ass's jawbone,  
Here each ass bray'd and wag'd his own.

### THEIR COMMISSARY.

When armies march and war and fight,  
Through long campaign by day and night,  
The weary soldier seeks his horn,  
Draws solace from John Barleycorn.  
And so Nick's hetmen, all well train'd,  
Had bled and died in long campaigns,  
In which they'd war'd to win the Nation,  
And from bourbon drawn inspiration.

Their commissary, well supplied  
With red-eye, old Kentucky's pride,  
With red-nose, old Kentucky bourbon,  
With quarrelsome broth, the old disturber,  
With forty-rod, double-barreled,  
With many a cask of pent-up quarrels,  
With stuff war'nted to break up friendship,  
To cut a throat or scuttle a ship.

They had no use for other prog,  
Nor bread, nor beans, while they had grog:  
Could keep their spirits up, they found,  
By taking bourbon spirits down;

For men when crazy, or when drunk,  
Feel most their strength and most their spunk.

THEIR AMMUNITION.

The hosts t' supply with ammunition,  
Was Sev'n Mule Barnum's special mission,  
And his best pal was Black Art Gorman,  
Chief bal't box stuffer and reformer ;  
And keen their burning zeal to show,  
Rak'd earth and sh'ol for lies 'twere new.  
Here they receiv'd a sharp rebuff,  
The Deil thought old lies good enough.  
" Ah, dear Sev'n Mule—me true pal Gor-  
man—  
" I fear you'll never make reformers ;  
" With your experience, you should know  
" That lies oft told are always new ;  
" It matters not how stale the lie  
" If 'tis well told, persistently :  
" Some will declare 'tis truth and new,  
" The liar sometimes thinks so too.  
" You both should learn my axiom wise,  
" ' Truth hath no force like oft-told lies.' "

## ST. STEPMEN II.

### CANTO VII.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

This history of a great battle  
Tells how the hordes show'd off their mettle;  
How all the chiefs and grand commanders  
Fought 'neath their legendary standards;  
How their old flags flung to th' breeze  
Air'd putrid reminiscences;  
How sham reforms, jeal'sies and fears  
Set them together by the ears;  
And how they fought like mad or drunk  
For spoils and boodle same's for punk.

That grand conclave of wise head men  
That were sent forth from all the clans,  
Who with cute schemes all work'd together,  
Said one thing when they meant another,  
As planks to th' platform they fit in it,  
And posed their figure-head upon it.  
For their equipment was complete,  
Soon's Hendricks accepted his fate,  
Play'd sec'nd fiddle to the figure-head,  
Grim, garrulous old copperhead,  
Though by no means a pliant tool,  
Unlike his chief, ne'er called a fool.

The hosts stood ready for the fray,  
 Their 'quipment finished hangman's day ;  
 This was, no doubt, out of respect  
 To th' Saint, who twice had play'd Jack  
     Ketch.

Thus guided by the Saint's good star,  
 The hordes at once mov'd out to war,  
 And show'd the army as it went  
 Complete in all its appointments ;  
 As rang'd th' embattl'd hosts appear  
 " With van, main battle, wings and rear."

In front, each one close by his standard,  
 March'd the great chiefs and grand com-  
     manders,  
 All old, experienc'd and wise,  
 Of which each gang had full supply.  
 The Deil, of course, was grand commander,  
 And gave 's commands to those 'twere under ;  
 He also never fail'd to see  
 'Bout all points of grand strategy ;  
 And still so many wise aids had he  
 That when 't seem'd best he could keep  
     shady,  
 For 'twas the Deil's orig'nal plan  
 To treat gently the Mugwump clans,

And his sole object in doing that  
Was 'cause he knew the'd been rais'd pets,  
Besides 'mongst them were high-ton'd men,  
Nor could he tell how much they'd stand.

But it became plain from the start  
That Dom'nies, like Beecher and Clark,  
Or other great divines like Burchard,  
Would make red-hot dimecrat workers;  
Would work now that they'd struck their  
level,  
With Har'son Gorman or the Devil.

In front of all this war-like rabble,  
March'd Steph'n, Hendricks, th' Knight and  
th' Devil;

All of whom now are so well known,  
Their greatness need not here be shown.  
With blast of trumpets, clang of drums,  
That makes the war'ior's valor come,  
The van led on by a fatal star  
Destined to desp'rate deeds in war;  
Still dimecrats, to kindle rage,  
Prefer their natural beverage;  
For them music brings valor on  
Not half as quick as old bourbon.

Great Stephen's standard wav'd aloft—  
“Public office is a public trust”



Gleam'd forth from each of 'ts ample folds,  
 Glinting and glim'ring like fool's gold.  
 But this is the Saint's own great maxim,  
 And not a dimecrat axiom,  
 Nor is't the Saint's orig'nal words  
 But borrow'd from some English Lord.  
 But still it stir'd up all the clans  
 Until they found 'twas merest sham,  
 And nothing new, but just the same  
 Old thing under an assum'd name ;  
 For it's true hidden sense is that  
 "Of'ces are made for dimecrats."

There stood the Knight whose gonfalon  
 Had K. K. K. emblazoned on,  
 And high in air his colors float  
 In form of a hoopskirt petticoat.  
 Great chief, iron mask'd and famous for  
 Wise council and success in war,  
 Majestic mien and stately pace,  
 Solemn, of weazen form and face.

Hendricks 'twixt Saint and Knight hung on  
 And had no standard of his own,  
 Play'd sec'nd fiddle to Stephen's luck,  
 Train'd with the Knight and the Ku Klux.

There stood Sev'n Mule, the Deil's chief  
clerk,  
Most trusted in all reform work,  
Of most prodigious zeal and fire,  
Grand captain of the Mulligan liars ;  
His banner was most aptly chosen,  
You'd pick it out from 'mongst a dozen :  
On azure field blazoned with guile,  
Sev'n griffins look'd like fiery mules,  
'Neath these inscrib'd the dimecrat legend :  
“ Seventy-six fraud, eight beat seven.”

There Gorman stood, bold man of war,  
Thus fore-ordained by fatal star,  
To keep his neck from clutch of th' laws  
Had at command all his cats' paws,  
Who ready each 'f his schemes to further,  
Would commit perj'ry, rob or murder,  
For they were men of wild adventure  
And mostly came from penitentiary ;  
And now Saint Stephen's their dear brother,  
Of late he's pardoned many others.  
In magic Gorman was well read  
And with black art had fill'd his head ;  
If'e wore a charm none seem'd to know  
Whether 'twas bat's liver or rabbit's paw ;

But his bal't-box tricks, with his rigging,  
 He's mostly turn'd over to Higgins.  
 His flag was azure, of same form  
 As those now used to portend storms,  
 Known 'mongst the gangs as our Blue Peter,  
 Signal for 's ruffians and repeaters.

Next Gov'nor Hill came booming on,  
 At th' head of 'is great Saloon Reform;  
 His pals this banner bore aloft,  
 Which from both sides could be read off:  
 "A government of the rum pow'r,  
 "By the rum pow'r and for th' rum pow'r,  
 "Shall not perish from earth the while  
 "We've such Gov'nors as Davy Hill."

There stood "Our Carter" Harrison  
 With his grand legions of reform;  
 Their banners were all flaming gule,  
 Proclaim'd blackleg-anarchist rule;  
 But Carter 's now like one Kit Castles,<sup>1</sup>  
 Shorn of his strength, rob'd of his vassals;

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<sup>1</sup> The Territory of Wyoming was organized and the officials were sent out in the spring of 1869. The three judges were assigned to districts by the Governor. J. W. Kingman was assigned to the third district in which the town of Evanston is situated and where Kingman appears to have been a terror to evil-doers. The first Legislature of the Territory was democratic solid, and Kit Castles was elected to the council from Evanston. When it came

For most 'f 'is pals have gone away,  
To Kindom Come or Canada,  
While some learn trades and useful lessons  
Wearing strip'd un'forms in State's prison.

There stood St. John, great prohib fiend,  
Whose nose seems reddest near the end,  
Who his stale lies so oft hath told  
Now thinks these lies great truths unfold ;  
His little banner, "God and Home,"  
For old St. John much good hath done ;  
It's made him great in some folks' eyes,  
Made other cranks think he was wise ;  
But in the way it most affects him  
Is thro' the swag each lecture's fetch'd him.

There, too, stood Peter, James and John,  
Great conq'rors 'mongst the Mormon throngs ;  
On the broad banner of this fraud  
Is 'blazon'd "Holiness to the Lord."  
They're more devoted to Saint Stephen,  
Since he's cous'n-in-law to Saint Brigham.

---

to the question of assigning the judges Kit made a speech urging the removal of Kingman to some other part of the Territory, in which he said: "I tell you, fellow-democrats, we must put this man Kingman where he can do us no further harm. If we do not, before two years have passed the magnificent democratic majority by which I have been returned to this Legislative Assembly will all be in the penitentiary."

'Neath their lab'rum, Civ'l Serv'ce Reform,  
 Toeing the mark, stood rang'd along ;  
 Three warriors, the triumvirate,  
 Or mugwump Cerb'rus, pure and great :  
 All good and upright Pharisees,  
 Mugwump godhead or Trinity.  
 And there they stood, three anxious dads,  
 All coddling their little fad ;  
 'Twas envy, malice, guile and hate  
 Caus'd them t' discov'r Steph'n was so great,  
 And, full of envy, they'd gone mad  
 'Bout free trade and their little fad ;  
 And now to boom Steph'n 'bove his lev'l,  
 They'd work and train and fight with th' devil.

Thus hath b'n mention'd some 'f the leaders  
 Of all the hordes, but there were others  
 Who were entitled to the same  
 Distinction, and just as much fame.

Asth' hordes dash'd on, not much encumbr'd,  
 'Twas easy t' see how vast their numbers,  
 And their equipment for the work  
 To which the Deil had sent them forth.  
 And with the banners we've described  
 There were an hundred more beside,  
 Which wav'd along the whole procession,  
 Emblems of putrid old traditions.

Some of these legends here we note,  
That seem most striking of the lot:  
Oldest of these "*Bill Money's Tammany*,"  
The source of all polit'cal hon'sty;  
And next came the "*Young Lo-co-Fo-co's*;"  
Next "*Dough-faces*" which Randolph spoke of  
"*Barn-burners and Hunkers*" next we note,  
"*Free-traders, Nullifiers and Turn-Coats.*"

And next, "*Down with the National Bank*"  
Shout'd "*Jackson's Dimecratic cranks*;"  
Then "*Jackson's better cur'ncy cranks*"  
Said "Let each State have 'ts o'n State Banks"  
Which soon brought financial disaster,  
Caus'd by "*Stump-tail, wildcat shin-plasters.*"

Now came "*fire-eaters, pro-slavery crews*,"  
"*Give us the earth an' protect us, too!*"  
"*For Negro Slavery is Divine*,"  
Should be extended to all climes,  
Like our dear Savior, pure and wise,  
"*Down with the Missouri compromise*;"  
Next came the "*Squatters, Sover'ns, Bluffers*,"  
"*The Blue Lodges*" and "*Border Ruffians*:"  
The "*Social Bands*" and "*Friends Soci'ties*;"  
"*Sons of the South, Blacklegs and Rioters.*"

And next came "*Conspir'cy and Treason*;"  
"*Open Rebellion*" without reason;

And then "*The South's Confederacy*,"  
 "Whose corner-stone was negro slavery;"  
 And then "*War to the knife and hilt*,"  
 In which much rich young blood was spilt.  
 Then "*Knights of the Gold'n Circle*" were bred  
 And "*dough-faces turn'd copperheads*."  
 Then "*Slav'ry and State Rights*" were borne  
 Whence neither ever will return;  
 Then came "*Th' last ditch*" and the "*Lost Cause*"  
 With num'rous reconstruction laws;

Then came the "*Solid Ku Klux Klans*,"  
 "*The Shot Gun Clubs and Red Shirt Gangs*."  
 E'en now some States in terror stand,  
 Are ruled by gangs of "*Fierce Brigands*,"  
 While States compell'd to suffer it,  
 Are rul'd by "*Outlaws and Bandits*."

And thus Nick's grand Salvation Army,  
 All homogeneous, sweet reformers,  
 Parade their putrid old traditions,  
 Old bruises, cancerous, fest'ring issues,  
 Old leprosies, plague-spots and itch,  
 They've foist on th' body politic;  
 Seed warts and scabs, and things like these,  
 Old putrid reminiscences.

When from the conclave at Chicago  
The headmen back to their clans did go,  
Kept up as best they could those revels  
That made a Saint by raisin' the devil,  
Increas'd the noise, the claque and clatter,  
Soon form'd the hordes in order of battle;  
Now charg'd out in reform disguise  
And disembogued vast flocs of lies.  
The van guard thus deploy'd in line,  
Launch'd their worst lies and lost no time  
While front and center wings and rear  
Gave vent to wild and fitful cheers,  
In deaf'ning chorus here and there  
Bray'd harsh weird discord on the air.

Mugwumps were first to catch the fire  
And imitate th' Chicago liars,  
To imitate their fiendish revels  
Same's dimecrats, lied like th' devil.  
But soon this weird contagion ran  
Though all the thousand hordes and clans,  
And who like maniacs fill'd the air  
With harsh keen-ton'd lies near and far.

A great procession down in Gotham,<sup>1</sup>  
Like "Gotham's three wise men," betho't them

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<sup>1</sup> Just preceding the election of 1884 a procession of mugwumps and dimecrats marched along Broadway, New



And quit their lying for a season,  
 For't seem'd they had return'd to reason.  
 With frantic zeal they march'd along  
 Shouting each "wise man" of the throng :  
 "Burn the letter ! Burn the letter !  
 "It shows too plain the silly creature.  
 "Burn the letter ! Burn the letter !  
 "Burn Stephen's letter to Mrs. Beecher !"

Now Sev'n Mule and his next man, Gorman,  
 Saw, that in Gotham, the reformers,  
 In spite of all their bal't-box tink'ring,  
 Of grim defeat there were strong inklings.  
 With his king mob, t' prevent defeat,  
 Bold Gorman rush'd into the breach,  
 And to distract the public eye  
 'Bout Burchard's speech made up a lie,  
 Which lie he used with black-art knack  
 And made th' Saint win by th' merest scratch,  
 For it is now a well-known fact  
 The goal was won by a lie and a scratch,

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York, crying: "Burn the letter! Burn the Letter!" Then each man would scratch a match on the seat of his trousers and burn a small slip of paper. Had King John's avengers who returned from the Gotham of Nottinghamshire and reported: "Gotham is a village of fools" been visiting America's Gotham and witnessed this performance they could have handed in their old report only substituting city for village.

And the whole truth is, 'bout the matter,  
Gorm'n was the liar and Steph'n the  
scratcher.

Thus Nick controll'd this accident,  
Sat up the first fraud president.

Four moons, the hordes with deaf'ning roar,  
Outrageous noise embowl'd the air,  
Her entrails tore, deep-mouth'd their wail,  
Disgorg'd their glut of lies like hail;  
Four moons, the air thus fill'd with gloom  
The while this rain of lies kept on.

Thus four long months this rain of lies  
Cover'd the earth and filled the skies,  
Compar'd with this Noah's rain was slight,  
But forty days and forty nights.  
This flood came from those beasts incarnate,  
Boss Gorman and Old Sev'n Mule Barnum,  
Grand captains of the Mulligan liars!  
Chief frauds outside of sheol's fires,  
And their minions o'er the Nation,  
Kept it up without cessation,  
For they did lie with all their mights  
Thrice forty days and forty nights.



